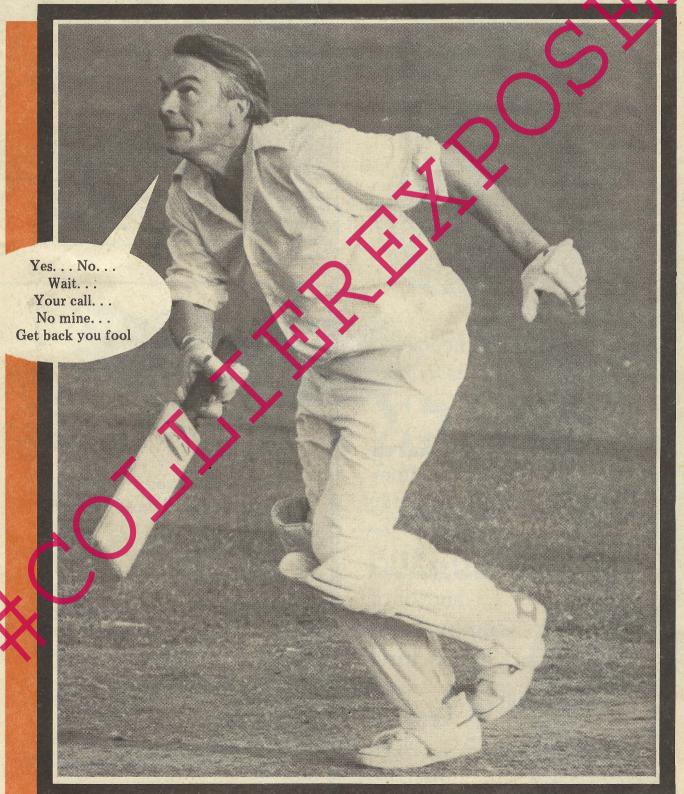
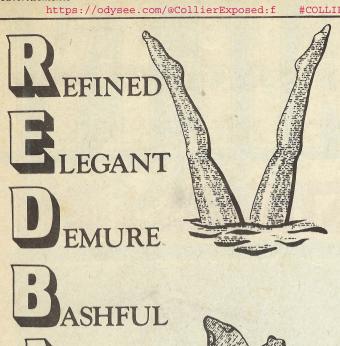


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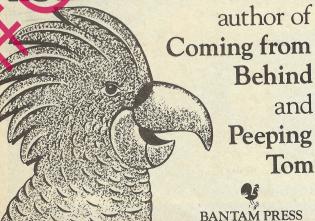
...not words that immediately spring to mind when describing

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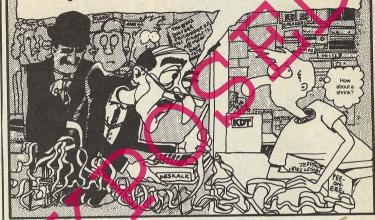
REDBACK

but then it is the new novel from "the most dangerously funny writer in the English Language" The Sunday Times

IOWARD JACOBSON



... Now as I have a little more time could we just run through your figures once again to clarify the position? . . . your price on this laser machine is £169.95 or as you say £178.68 less than the average price of 156 other retailers which my secretary will of course phone to confirm. The Akioi loudspeakers will add £59.95 to my bill at a nett saving of £43.67, and if I decide on the Kough speakers at £79.95 I will save 3.78% less, nett of VAT, but with a gross benefit in what you call acoustic quality. By my figures that is 34% less than the current price in the Cayman Islands which I must admit seems rather unusual . . but I fail to understand why as your leaflet clearly states no chosen loudspeakers will produce at least forty watts I wonder is the Manager available . . .



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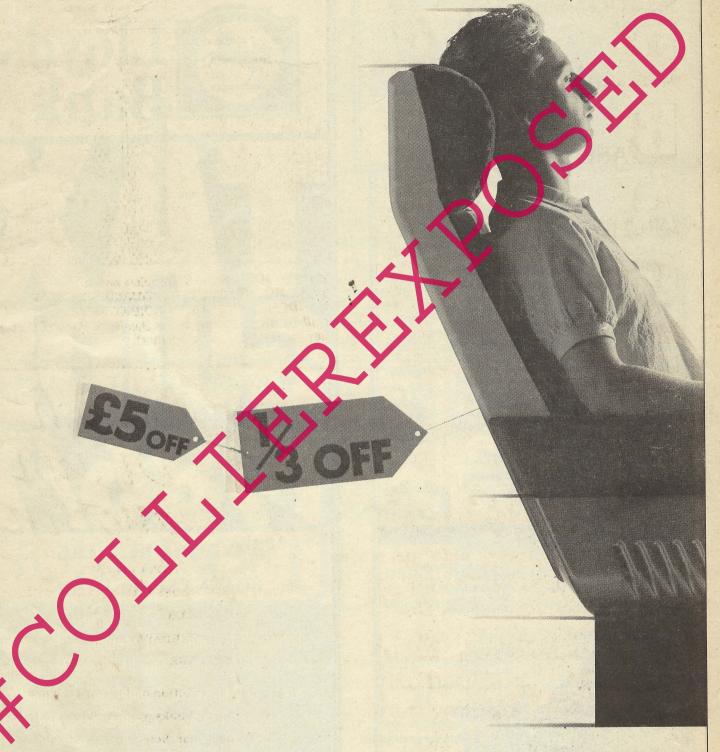
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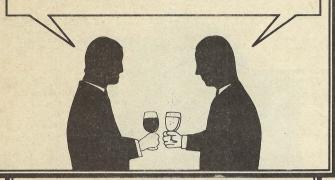
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RATHER TOO much, in my view, has been made of revelations concerning the Gnomho Plastic Diamond Factory in Rumbabwe. In particular I refer to a possible conflict between conditions in the camp and my organ's firm and steadfast opposition to apartheid.

We have been asked to contrast the allegedly low standard of living enjoyed by black workers at the Rumbabwe factory with my support of the progressive forces in South Africa.

Nothing could be more utterly absurd and ridiculous. I realise that £1 a week does not sound very much, particularly when it is paid in special 'Gnomos', plastic tokens exchangeable for goods at the Camp Stores (E. Strobes, prop.).

But in African terms the salary is a princely one. 200 tokens will buy, for example, a very serviceable pair of shoes.

I would further point out that the heavily armed squad which protects the camp by night and day is engaged to protect the workers from possible guerilla attack, not, as I have read in one account, to stop them escaping from the socalled 'Hell on Earth'.

> E. Strobes, pp Lord Gnome, Gnomho Mineral Holdings, Rumbabwe.

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THERE will have been a few wry smiles among the many citizens of Manchester who have fallen foul of that city's police force to hear their chief constable, James Anderton, complaining in public about "harassment and hounding" by the media.

Mr Anderton was speaking at a press conference to celebrate his appointment as president of the Association of Chief Police Officers. When he was continually asked about the Stalker affair (the suspension, on his advice, of his deputy chief constable, on trumped-up charges), Anderton, a normally verbose man, said nothing. Finally goaded into fury, he bawled: "No individual, let alone a chief constable, should ever be subject to this kind of treatment.

Unfortunately for Mr Anderton, the questions about Stalker are likely to continue for some time yet on the Manchester Police Authority, most of whose members feel e barrassed and angry that they were bounced into suspending Mr Stalker on the say so of the

bearded chief constable.

bearded chief constable.

One matter currently dominates the agenda: the strange story of the Diogenes, a yacht once owned by Mr Kevin Taylor, a Manchester businessman and former chairman of the Manchester Tories. In 1981 and 1962 the yacht was moored off Miami, and friends and family of Mr Taylor used it for holiday cruises off the Florida coast and on trips to the Banamas. In 1981 Mr Stalker, a childian of friend of Mr Taylor, went on a holiday in the Diogenes.

Move forward five years during which time there was not a single mention or complaint by anyone in Mancheste about Stalker's holiday on the yach. Tive years, moreover, in which Mr Stalker was selected as one of the very top policemen in the country, was ushered round a very important policemen's visit of South America, and was chosen to head a controver-

Amèrica, and was chosen to head a controversial inquiry into murders and lies in the Royal Ulster Constabulary.

On 30 May 1986, Labour members of the

nchester Police Authority met at lunchtime discuss the agenda for that afternoon's Authority meeting. Right at the end of the meeting, they were astonished to be told by their chairman, Norman Briggs (also the chairman of the Authority) that there had been some problem with the deputy chief constable, Mr Stalker, who had been asked to remain on holiday while it was sorted out. A few weeks later the Police Authority met again and was asked to suspend Stalker. This time, the Labour members insisted that Norman Briggs give them a full account of his suspicions against Stalker. Briggs replied that Stalker had been on holiday on the Diogenes at a time when "the Yanks were watching the boat". The authority took this to mean that the American police or secret service were watching the yacht for drug-running or even worse. They were asked where Briggs had obtained the information. Briggs replied: "The Chief Constable told me."

In August this year, the Police Authority met again to study a 150-page report into allegations against John Stalker. The report had been prepared by Colin Sampson, chief constable of West Yorkshire. It gave a lot of facts about the Diogenes, but there was no suggestion that the yacht was being "watched" by the American police or the secret service

Most of the Labour members were outraged. The main reason they had agreed to the suspension in the first place had not been substantiated by a very full inquiry. A further question occurred to them. If the American police or secret service had been watching a boat for drug-running or anything else — and that boat had been occupied for a no liday by that boat had been occupied for a to day by the deputy chief constable of Manchester – how was it that the same deputy chief con-stable continued on such a cuttering career which involved positive security petting at the very highest level?

very highest level?

The Labour members recalled that, the previous May, their charman Norman Briggs had told them that the information about the Americans and the Diogenes had come from James Anderton. They pressed Anderton to tell them the source of the information.

Anderton, obvious, embarrassed, muttered that he did not recall giving Norman Briggs that information. Norman Briggs had since died.

Lut there was a third person at the meeting between Norman Briggs and James Anderton when they first discussed the Stalker affair. This was the clerk to the Police Authority, Roger Bees, The Labour members turned to Roger Rees. The Labour members turned to nd, in open meeting, asked him who had first let slip the smear about the Diogenes. " am sorry, Chief Constable," said Rees, "but your memory must be at fault. You did indeed tell the chairman about the Diogenes.

An embarrassed silence followed, with Anderton shaking his head and the other members of the Authority too polite to press the point home. But the fact remained that the entire Stalker charade was started by this curious piece of "information" from the chief constable. If the information was untrue, then it was plainly scandalous that Anderton should use it in so direct a way against his deputy. If it was true, then Stalker should have been investigated long before he became one of Britain's top cops, and certainly before he took over the RUC inquiry. Mr Anderton may find himself the subject of a great deal more "harassment and hounding" until he manages to supply an answer to this teasing problem.



"There's no question of a trade - we're just going to swap Daniloff for Zakharov. .



MAX "Hitler" Hastings has now completed his long-knives exercise with the Telegraph's Washington bureau. The corpses have been removed and the replacements installed. But it was not a pretty thing to witness.

It goes back to the first week the Fuhrer spent in the chair of state, at a time when poor Bill Deedes believed he was to remain as what he called "a continuum" on the paper. Hastings already had his plot underway and the victims were to be three long-time Telegraph foreign correspondents, Washington bureau chief. Richard Beeston, David Shears and Frank Taylor. The knife-man selected to do the chopping was the vulgar and intimidating antipodean Nigel Wade, known affectionately to his colleagues as Genghis Khan, not so much for his politics as for his unusual domestic habits.

Wade travelled to Washington - where he keeps one of the homes he has accumulated through a long period of tax-free living in foreign capitals - for what became known as the Night of the Long White Envelopes. These documents, signed by Hastings, advised the Washington staffers of their fate. As it transpired, Taylor survived and is to go to Los Angeles from which he will cover Latin America. Taylor amazed Hastings by revealing that he could, in fact, speak foreign languages, notably Spanish.

Beeston and Shears were told there was to be

no mercy. Beeston astonished the svelte customers of the up-market Washington boozer, the Old Ebbitt Grill, where Wade took him to deliver the sacking. Spotting two fellow hacks from the *Times* of London, Beeston leapt to his feet and roared to them: "Come in, come in. Meet Nigel. He's just fired me."

Now the laid-back Ian Brodie has moved from LA to Washington as the pays burger.

from LA to Washington as the new bureau chief. Brodie came from the same canyon which gave the world Charlie Manson's family, and indeed owned the local free newspaper. Hastings has long admired Brodie, mainly because during his days at the Getsmuot worse Brodie was a real war correspondent in Victnam, a theatre the Fuhrer found to be rather too trying and noisy on his short visits. Beeston ha joined the Moonie-owned Washington Times on a salary reported to be not unadjacent to \$50,000 a year and has become the Mail's new Washington stringer. Shears, fired soon after an operation for cancer is to try to write books.

Brodie is to be joined in Washington by the Telegraph's man in teking, the suff-shooting Hugh Davies. It is understood that the lithe and lissom Mrs Pavies may not make the transition from Peking to Washington, having discovered a mutual interest in East African affairs with a propaganda hack from the Voice of America. a theatre the Fuhrer found to be rather too

HE CHOICE of Brian Hitchen as Deputy of the Sunday Express, by new editor

Robin Esser, confirms previous Eye speculation COLLIEREXPOSED@PROTONMAIL.COM market at a steep angle. If its old editor Sir Jonah Junor was dead he would be revolving in his grave.

Hitchen, formerly London Editor of the sleazy tit-and-bum Star, was once an enthusias-tic employee of the notorious Florida 'publisher' Generosso Pope and was involved in Pope most audacious stunt: prising the lid off Elvis Presley's coffin so that Pope's gutter sheet *The National Enquirer* could feature a picture of the dead rock and roll king.

Prior to this Hitchen was at the *Daily Express*, where he was involved in the Ronald Biggs affair. He assisted devious Scottish editor Ian McColl to deceive naive reporter Colin Mackenzie, who had traced Biggs to Rio. McColl brought in the police, and Hitchen later compounded his treachery by supplying his old *Mirror* chum Tony Delano with self-serving material about the story for the book about the Biggs affair, Slip Up.

At the Star, Hitchen demonstrated an out-

standing penchant for gutter journalism. He once (Eye 550) instructed a photographer to find a limbless Falklands veteran and take him to a London station during a rail strike so that the *Star* could produce a rabble-rousing item about railmen ignoring a war hero. The photographer resigned.

He also arranged for an actress friend to appear, heavily veiled, at the funeral of murdered property developer Graham Sturley and place a dozen red roses, with a casaying "Goodbye XXX", on the grave — a plot that enraged Knacker and his men who spent days checking the mystery woman's identity.

Gert Froebe-lookalike Hitchen, who a new recovered from heart surgery by consulting

recovered from heart surgery by ca recovered from heart surgery by campilling stones at seagulls on the beach at Brighton is a tough former paratrooper on them timorous Esser will be able to rely when he sets about the bloody task of removing the old Sunda Express staff and replacing them with the sleaze merchants necessary to its new profile.

JOE haines, the Marwell's all-powerful politics hack and director of MGN, has finally cracked under the strain of Cap'n Bob's blandishments to accept an office car—as befits his explted position.

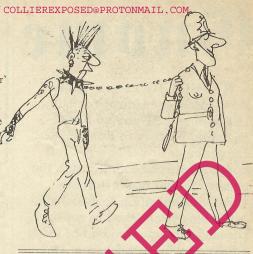
The boy from Bermondsey is now the proud owner of a geaming, pale blue £30,000 Menedes. But why has this enviable status symbol never been seen near the Mirror building? The reason lies in Haine's lifelong fear and hatred of driving. He has never held an licence and he's proud of it. and he's proud of it.

Nowadays Haines and his chauffeuse, Mrs Haines, spend many happy hours cruising round the environs of Tunbridge Wells in search of bargains at their favourite DIY shops.

JUST as United boss David Stevens removes one source of sleaziness, Roger Boyes, so another pops up. Fleet Street's most repulsive yob, Ray Mills, now has a column in the Star.

Eye readers will remember Mills from issue 635, in which his habit of peeing in office waste-paper baskets, to the distress of cleaners, was disclosed. Mills's new column is the jour-

nalistic equivalent of peeing in public.
At the Star, he is known to one and all as BIFFO – Big Ignorant Fucker From Oldham. The most recent Mills story involves his



teenage son who, trying to please the elderly delinquent, baked him a birthday cake. Mills lad's flung the cake a ead, shouting "Are or something

BIRTHDAYS stie Crowther, entertainer, 53; Gayle Hunnicutt, actress, 43; Patrick Macnee, actor, 64; Denis Norden, TV personality, 64; Ronald Reagan, 756; Jimmy Tarbuck, comic, 46; Yorkshire Evening Post

MEDIA NEWS

THE BBC has now screened three mindnumbing episodes of a new series called Brush Strokes about a randy painter and decorator, entangled with his boss's relatives, secretary, and others.

Amazingly enough, six scripts for a series called *Brush Strokes*, about a randy painter and decorator entangled with his boss's relatives, secretary and others, were submitted to the BBC by aspiring writer Tom Boyes, on the 10 December 1984. On 16 April 1985, one Judy Lowe, PA to Sydney Lotterby wrote to Boyes saying that the scripts had been passed on to Christopher Bond, head of Light Entertainment, for further perusal. On the 1st of May, Bond wrote back saying that he couldn't recommend the idea for production.

Last month Boyes saw the advance publicity for the series, and noted several stunning co-incidences, not least the name of the producer, Lotterby, and his assistant, Lowe. He contacted Sue Grabbit and Runne.

The lawyers' inquiries revealed the remark-

able fact that Lotterby had commissioned the series from dreary script-writers John Esmonde and Bob Larbey just two weeks before Boyes script had arrived. There was no explanation for the amnesia which apparently beset Lotterby in April 1985, five months later, when he passed the idea on for further consideration.

Now Boyes is pursuing an action for breach of copyright, which he carefully protected by putting his script in a bank vault before he sent it to the BBC by registered post — in defia of the corporation's advice to new writers. in defiance

THOSE WHO can only view with wonder not to mention envy the ever-strengthening bond between the man who will be King and ITN will have noticed the recent appointment of one David Roycroft as ITN's new administration manager and company secretary. Mr Roycroft was until very recently the Prince of Wales's assistant private secretary. He moved to ITN on 1 September, just in time for its latest Royal 'coup'—a two-part exclusive report on the private side of Charles and Diana's public lives due to be broadcast on 21/22 September.

I WONDER WHAT THAT OLD BUS WILL DO THE PARTY REVER WITH

ENTRODUCING MAX HASTINGS





AN anniversary is approaching for Peter Walker. Three years ago next month, as a newly-appointed Energy Secretary, he led the nation into a drive against wasting money on heat and light. "It is not often that a Minister has the opportunity to launch a campaign which could save the nation £7 billion a year," he declared. Too true.

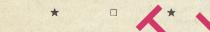
His aim was to reduce all our energy bills by 20%. He seemed to be on to a good thing. Until that moment, our consumption of energy had been going down steadily all by itself for 10 years. The Department of Energy publishes a scoreboard, expressed in "million tons of coal or coal equivalent (mtce)." It showed that in 1979 we used 349.5 mtce. In 1980 it fell to 327.2 mtce. In 1981 it came down again to 317.2 and in 1982 still further, down to 311.9.

Then the Minister spoke and the nation responded. Demand immediately rose to 312.9 - an extra million tons of coal - and it stayed up at that level in 1984. The following year, 1985, it jumped up to 326.9. This year, the first half has shown another rise, up by nearly 5% over the same six months of 1985 and we are on course for a final figure of about 340 mtce, the highest of the decade.

The minister realised a year ago that something more than exhortation was needed. He must spend money. The manufacturers of double glazing and computerised control units and heat pumps cheered. But the Minister did not intend to hand out grants to them, nor to increase help to hypothermic pensioners for more draught proofing. Instead, he turned to the Government's favourite advertising agency and offered them £5½ million to get him out of the mess

Saatchi and Saatchi scratched their twin. heads and came up with a buzzword: Monergy. It meant that we would all save money, save energy and save nuclear power by demonstrating that there was no need to spend on building new sources like wave-power generators and wind turbines

Alas, a stubborn populace continued on its spendthrift path, leaving Patrick Walker to count the cost of saving money.



FAMILY and friends will gather as the Bursea Chapel of Ease on Saturday 27 september for the wedding of Michael Fallon, the revolting Conservative MP for Darlington, to the unsuspecting annount Wendy Payne.

Notably absent from both the ceremony and reception will be Fallon's father, whom the MP is fond of describing as "a drunken Irish git". When Fallon was contesting the Darlington by election in 1982, his father, who is suparated from Fallon's mother, turned up unasked in the constituency and repaired to a local inn where he proceeded to become tired and emotional in the company of attentive hacks.

Fallon got to hear of his father's surprise visit and immediately issued instructions. that man out of here!" he exclaimed. Mr Fallon Senior was bundled onto a train by the local Tory agent.

Also absent from the wedding, no doubt, will be the gorgeous, pouting female from New-castle University to whom an inebriated Fallon volunteered his affections at a dinner for Con-servative students as follows: "I would like to strip you naked, squeeze lemon juice all over you and lick it off."



"Cheer up, Jeremiah, it may never happen"

THE adventurous "sad" Conservative MP for Billericay, Keith Harvey Proctor (see Eye

board game "Trivial Pursuit".

A group of poorly-educated rent boys gathers at his flat in Fulham for a session of this self-improving entertainment. Each boy is asked a total of 36 questions. If he gets 12 wrong. there is a penalty: he feels the slap of Har hand across his bare rump. If he gets 24 wrong he is treated to a slippering, and if the full 36 then the cane is ruthlessly administered.

Backbiter'

In the churts

THE TITLE of World's Worst Lawyer may well be wrested from veteron holder Michael "Exegesis' Rubimtein by Richard C.M. Sykes, the one-man solicitor's practice which defends the Spectator and the Telegraph newspaper rues in matters of libel. Sykes, who is a member of the right-wing Salisbury Group, had already made a claim for the title with his inmenner of the right-wing Salisbury Group, had already made a claim for the title with his incompetence in dealing with the recent Taki libel action (Eye 641).

In April 1986 the Eye settled a libel action brought by John Casey and Nigel Tregear on the usual terms of damages, just mitty costs

and statements of apology. Part of the settlement as stipulated by Sykes was that Casey's and Treggar's costs should be "re-imbursed" and Tregear's costs should be "re-imbursed"

After the cheques were forwarded, our solicitors, Schilling & Lom, requested a breakdown of Sykes's costs so as to consider the amount of hours charged for by him and to ascertain whether it was reasonable. In November 1985 Sykes had told our solicitors that his costs to date were £10,000. By February he had been claiming costs of £25,000. He never provided a breakdown.

An affidavit was sworn by Glen Reynolds of Schilling & Lom in support of the Eye's application for leave to tax Sykes's bill, and Sykes replied to this by denying that such a right existed in law. After an initial hearing at which Sykes told Reynolds testily that it was "all a waste of time", the matter was argued by counsel for the plaintiff, *Private Eye*, and the defendant Sykes himself, in the presence of his clients Casey and Tregear who had been subpoenaed to attend.

Master Wright ordered that, for the first time in a libel case, and allegedly for the first time in a libel case, and allegedly for the first time where a losing party has paid agreed costs. the Sykes bill should be taxed. The reason for his decision was that the wording used by Sykes in correspondence settling the matter had been clumsy and was not sufficient to bind the Eye contractually to the costs agreement. Therefore, the Eye will now tax Sykes's bill, as is the right of a client under the Solvitors act where a bill delivered, paid or unpaid, a considered excessive. excessive.

AT LAST the Law Society has told the public what the Five revealed in early July — that dis raced solicitor Michael Ellis Harris was fined by the solicitors' disciplinary tribunal. The Law Society finally gave this old story to its readers on 3 September. Harris did not appeal

against the findings.

What emerges however from this episode is the vay in which the Law Society uses the tribunal to suppress information about its own members. For some time the Eye has been members. For some time the Eye has been aware that Harris was under investigation. In fact, more than one or two charges against him are yet to be heard. When we were informed by reliable sources of the date of the solicitors' tribunal decision we asked the Law Society for details. Although the Society says that the tribunal was independent, it acts as the only avenue for press information about fines or disqualification for crooked pettifoggers. In fact, it concedes, anyone is entitled to know the findings of the tribunal even though an appeal may be lodged.

So when the Harris judgement came down it was to the Law Society that we turned for the result of a finding against one of its members. The response was a deafening silence - and from late June until the present the Law Society has not given us the information that was made public so long ago.

By acting in such a way the Society does little to placate critics who feel that it is a protection agency for the bent and crooked, with little or no sense of public duty or service.

APOLOGY

JUDGE CALLMAN

In the 25th July issue, we published ("In the Courts") details of an incident in Court alleged to have involved His Honour Judge Callman and which imputed improper behaviour on his part. We fully and freely admit that there is no truth whatsoever in the story. We apologise unreservedly both for the above and also for the further reference to the Judge on our Letters page of 8th August, 1986.

The Regulars

HEATH





W HAT is the true story behind Peter Cadbury's decision to close down Working Woman, the magazine he bought only a few months ago, claiming that he regarded the opportunity of turning it round into profitability as the greatest challenge of his career?

One reason Cadbury bought the magazine in the first place, I can reveal, was so that he could legitimately spend several days at a time in London with his lady friend Liz Rawlins, while his third wife Janie remained at their country residence in Alresford, Hampshire. Cadbury even in Alresford, Hampshire. Cadbury even gave Liz's daughter Sacha the job of

gave Liz's daughter Sacha the job of receptionist at the magazine's office.

When Janie discovered what her ageing lothario of a husband was up to, however, she threatened divorce proceedings.

Rather than face a huge settlement, Peter wisely decided to cut his losses (believed to be around £300,000), close Working Woman, and return to Hampshire.

Cadbury can expect a smooth ride

Cadbury can expect a smooth ride from Nigel Pratt-Dumpster, who has always taken his side in his previous marital crises with Benedicta and Jennifer as well as his business struggle over the Westward TV franchise.

At that time Cadbury was in the habit of sending regular press releases to Dumpster for insertion in his Mail Diary, a convenience that had more to do with their warm friendship than the £6,000 retainer for PR services that Cadbury claims to have paid Dumpster.

● I ATTEND the Zanzibar Club, a sleazy of ATTEND the Zanzibar Club, a sleazy joint in Great Queen Street. Much to my delight I find myself at the table of Bruce Matthews the Managing Director of News International. He is discussing the evolution of the silicon chip with his society dentist when San antha For joins us. Overhearing the conversation and completely misunderstanding the context in which silicon was mortioned. Ms For in which silicon was mentioned. Ws Fox threatens Matthews with her lay wer who is drinking some where else in the club.



Our rooms are sleeping inside us. We who awaken ourselves to an awareness of the room must disinter from long ago the first stirrings of a consciousness to the enveloping wall. For me it was a bedroom overlooking old brickfields and orchards, and I can recollect a window with a white wooden shelf: in the centre was a large oval wax relief by Lucas, flanked by two bronze female figures. I am next conscious of Paris in 1952 and slumming in the vieux hotels

JOHN HARRIS, The Sunday Times.

The first question everyone asks when discussing the new Birtwistle, Yan Tan Tethera, is whether or not it is just a little bit too long How long is a piece of music? Birtwistle, like Bruckner, works on his own time-scale and like Bruckner he could well reply that his piece isn't too long, rather that the questioner is too short. The 90-minute span of Yan Tan Tethera has a cogent dramatic shape to it, and the music itself is very, very beautiful.

> RODNEY MILNES. Spectator.



There is something indescribally tranquil about ballooning. Perhaps floating rekindles womb memories, but it is no so solitary. There are companions in this basiet, and together you are divorced from the world. It is not so much the silence as the stillness that relaxes. So fragile at the mercy of the elements, yet so secure.

ROBIN EGGAR. Sunday Today.

The Jaunch of a Paloma Picasso perfume is recognition of her strong personal style and international standing. It comes in a glass globe containing golden liquid and embedded in a circle of frosted glass. It looks like the Russian amber beads she has made up into a Tiffany necklace, or the tactile cabochon gems sunk in her miniature evening bags.

SUZY MENKES, The Times.

Finally, I must just mention Jos Stelling's The Pointsman a Dutch film set in a most peculiar looking Scotland which has a beautiful woman alighting by mistake from a train at a signal box inhabited by a strange young pointsman. After shooting a rat within inches of her feet, he offers her some coffee: "Disgusting, she says which, from there on in, becomes his name. Very weird stuff but rather wonderful like black pudding sprayed with Hollandaise sauce, but extremely well cooked.

DEREK MALCOLM, Grauniad.

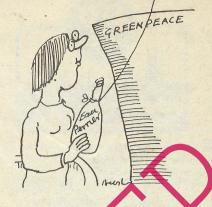
One of my most valued possessions is a single by Jody Foster's Army which is three seconds long.

> JOHN PEEL. Observer.

CONTRIBUTORS: Wendy Fletcher, Hugh Robson, Sue Summers, Melanie Mackett, P. Hirtle, Adrian J. O'Conner.

£5 paid for entries printed

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Latest Fattersley Sightings:

• Hattersley was observed in a party of four having dinner at Ston Easton, Somerset, on Saturday 31 May 1986. He stayed the night at the hotel (where a typical bill for dinner for two, bed and breakfast is a modest £200). When Grovel's spy mentioned to the manager that such a lifestyle would be unlikely to pleate Hatterse's left-wing comrades, the manager remarked that he was not the first customer so to comment.
• Hattersley was also sighted at Grafton Manor on Saturday 28 June in the company of a young, attractive American

company of a young, attractive American hay. Could this have been his confidante and friend, literary agent Maggie Pearlstein?

AS THAT well-known former East End villain John Bindon (Eyes passim) taken leave of his senses?

Some years ago Bindon travelled to the island of Mustique with the celebrated Vicki Hodge, a former close friend of the Duke of York. There it is rumoured that he met Yvonne, a meeting which did not escape the attention of the foul editorial team at the News of the Screws.

Recently they offered Bindon \$100,000 to say he was involved in Ugandan discussions with the Princess.

Ugandan discussions with the Frincess.
This Bindon declined to do.

Never mind, said the Screws, tell us that you gave her some drugs. At this Bindon exploded, saying that it was completely untrue. Unashamed, the hacks then told Bindon that it didn't matter hacking the Owen's cited could do. because the Queen's sister could do

Bindon's sense of honour clearly is much more developed than that of those purveyors of sleaze at Wapping.

HEAR that seedy Arab publisher Naim Attalah-Disgusting has enticed a new beauty into his web.

She is gorgeous, pouting Alice
Jaybotham, daughter of former ambassador Sir Peter, who has signed on as the
Ayatollah's secretary.

Alice has now been selected from all

the Quartet Girls to accompany Attalah-Disgusting to the Frankfurt Book Fair. She will need to keep her wits about

ONE story which is not in the new Frank Sinatra book concerns my old friend the late Laurence Harvey.

Harvey was detailed by Sinatra to accompany his wife Mia Farrow to Paris for the filming of *Dandy in Aspic*. He was told to keep an eye on Mia and make sure she wasn't unfaithful to her seedy old

crooner of a husband.

Needless to say Harvey ended up in bed with the diminutive actress.

Pip Pip!

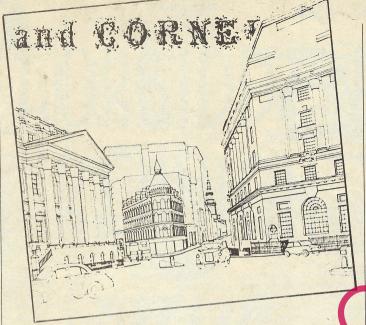


https://odysee.com/@CollierExposed:f

EADERS will recall, with infinite boredom, Mr Peter Palumbo and his plan to build something conspicuous next to the Mansion House (Eye ad nauseam). But beware. The empty square and Glass Stump having been defeated, he is returning to the attack and scents victory this time, especially as the mood of the City has changed.

The inspector's report after the public inquiry resoundingly condemned his plans but Mr Palumbo is taking advantage of the qualification in the decision letter of the then Secretary of State, the utterly unlamented Patrick Jenkin, that he "does not rule out redevelopment of the site if there were acceptable proposals for replacing the existing buildings". This sop was inserted, of course, following the failure of the high-level political lobbying on Palumbo's behalf in which Mrs Thatcher so nearly burned her fingers badly.

We must be grateful for some mercies. The square has gone and the old National Safe Deposit building is out of the development site. We now have alter native schemes for the remaining slice-of-cheese between Queen Victoria Street and Poultry which require the demolition of either seven or eight listed buildings, de-



pending on whether Mappin & Webb's at the corner is allowed to survive. But the new proposals are far from "acceptable". True to form, Mr Palumbo has chosen another conventional big name to get planning permission: James Stirling, the fat, arrogant designer of the notorious Cambridge History Faculty whom the architectural establishment persists in applauding as a "genius" despite the conspicuous failure of so many of his masterpieces

'Big Jim's' gimmicky and t

imagination has resulted in two alternative groupings of Post-Modern cliches. Masonry walls of over-scaled arches and cornices lurch arbitrarily in front of glass-walled offices. Like Henry Moore's sculptures, Stirling's buildings have to have a hole in buildings have to have a hole of the middle, but in one scheme circular space is public, in the other private, suggesting that the other private, suggesting that the orm has no architectural logic whatever. At least the Mies van der Rohe tower was serious and rigorous architecture — just wrong for the site. The only clever thing that Stirling has done is to inflate the bulk of Scheme A which retains Mappin & Webb's by piling up his office floors to make a building so big and hideous that the complete demolition scheme, B, might be favoured instead.
Until now, Stirling's victims

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have been dons, students, museum directors and council tenants. He has no experien designing commercial offices and it shows. The ceiling heights are excessive yet he has failed to proexcessive yet he has failed to provide this large, uninterrupted office spaces the City now requires. But the Royal Fine art Commission has been predictably unctuous about stirling's designs and the London Advisory Committee of English He ritage has fee bly preferred Scheme A, while properly insisting that its height be reduced. Really both the City Copporation and English Heritage should call Stirling's bluff, state that those bad designs are unthat those bad designs are uneptable and insist on the toration of the listed buildings which comprise the existing splendid concentration of Victorian commercial architecture.

Surely even Mr Palumbo can see that Stirling has failed him? But as he has just asked Stephen Gardiner, the ageing litigant, vandal and journalist (Eye 580) to design him an underground house on a Scottish island, I fear he may be losing his marbles.

'Piloti'



Solly Deades

R several months, Sidney Lathem of Cardiff has been crossing off numbers in the Prize Line competition, in Mirror

Group Newspapers.
On Sunday the 31st of August 1986, he crossed off number 376, the first of two published on that day. That number gave him the full line of four required to win a "House", according to the Mirror. The Mirror said anyone with a winning line should ring 0254 54406 on Monday, between 10.30am and 4pm. Failure to make your claim at this specific time for any

reason meant your claim would be lost.
So at 10.20am on Monday, Mr Lathem rang and heard the engaged tone. He continued ringing this number with the same result until 11.45am. He was informed that there was a fault on the line, and that they would deal with it. He continued ringing until mid-day, with the same result. Then he rang the engineers again, and asked if anything was happening about the fault. He was asked to hold while they made enquiries. Finally they declared there was no fault. The line was engaged see. com/@CollierExposed: I would have liked to have asked Mirror Group Newspapers about Mr Lathem's troubles — but I couldn't get any reply and there are no whilets, why have so many Bingo and competition-minded people suddenly started making errors? I would have liked to have asked Mirror Group Newspapers about Mr Lathem's troubles — but I couldn't get any reply and there are no whilets, whilets. And it there are no whilets, whilets, and it there are no whilets, why have so many Bingo and competition-minded people suddenly started making errors? I would have liked to have asked Mirror Group Newspapers about Mr Lathem's troubles — but I couldn't get any reply and there are no whilets, and it there are no whilets.

He continued riaging until mid afternoon with no result and he began to believe that there was no way that he, or anyone else, was going to be able to claim. Mr Lathem then rang the Telecom crices in Cardiff, and pointed out his difficulties over the phone call. They told him the line was engaged. He was told that a customer could leave his phone off if he wished and they could do nothing about it. He carried on ringing, until just after 4pm when he heard an answering machine telling him the line was n answering machine telling him the line was closed, and that his call should have been between 10.30am and 4pm. It wished him luck. On Tuesday, when he wasn't ringing this

number with the same result (engaged tone) Mr Lathem contacted his solicitor and the Office of Fair Trading in Cardiff. He rang repeatedly on Wednesday morning, and again in the afternoon. About 3pm he got through and said he had rung all day Monday and Tuesday and failed to get through. The woman who answered said, "I have been doing nothing but answer claims made in error". She asked him what numbers he was claiming on. He gave her his four numbers, only to be told that number 437 had not appeared. Mr Latham did not believe this. He assures me he is very careful when checking anything. He asked the woman to note his query because he intended looking further into the competition.

Mr Lathem says he has not seen one winner in any of the Mirror's "House" "Motor Car" "£500" or "Mystery" competitions. He bought the Sunday Mirror on Sunday the 7th of September, but there was no winner published there. The competition has now ceased, and a new one started with the same Blackburn tele-phone number to call. Mr Lathem asks, with so many people calling on Monday, Tuesday and the best part of Wednesday, where are the lucky winners? And if there are no winners,



Judy Chicago said of the exhibition: "I developed the idea of the Dinner Party, which was to be a sort of reinterpretation of the Last Supper from the point of view of those who had done the cooking throughout history.

"The guests were to be presented as images

of plates, a reference to the way history had consumed rather than revered women of achievement. By early 1975 my concept had expanded to become a symbolic history of women in Western civilisation

> JUDY CHICAGO, Johannesburg Star.

IF THEY CAN PUT A MAN ON THE MOON WHY CAN'T THEY PUT THEM ALL THERE?

Graffiti, Kentish Town.

WOMEN'S COMMITTEE — Appointment of Co-opted Members for 1986/87. Nominations are sought for representatives of five categories of women: Black women; Elderly women; Lesbian women; Women with disabilities; Young women with children. It is possible that some women will belong to more than one category — in such cases please make clear in which area you have the greater expertise.

> LONDON BOROUGH OF ISLINGTON.

CONTRIBUTORS: William A. Martinson, Jonathan Targett, Peregrine Pickle.

All loony feminist nonsense gratefully received. £5 paid for entries printed. COLLIEREXPOSED@PROTONMAIL.COM



with 'Old Muckspreader'

HESHIRE County Council really is in a mess with its twisted and trumped-up campaign to evict one of its smallholding tenant farmers.

Dirty tricksters in the council's press office last week even prepared to release a legally precise but misleading statement which suggested that Eric Stanhope, whom the council is keen to kick off 30 acres near Macclesfield, had paid no rent since September 1983. Shock, horror. What the release was not going to explain was the reason: the council refused to accept any rent. Odd, because officials had been accepting his cheques for 20 years before

The saga of Park House farm in Gawsworth is as convoluted as it is bizarre. Eric is

the second generation of his family to earn a living off the holding. The lease, originally acquired by his father after the last war, passed on to Eric's mother in 1964 on the death of Stanhope senior.

These were the days before any Tom, Dick or Hooray had an automatic right to inherit a tenanted farm, and the council made it a condition that Eric, then fresh out of agricultural college, should also work on the farm. Mrs Stanhope died in 1982 and, in the week of the funeral, a notice to quit came through the post from a firm of slick London solicitors.

Curiously, the council's agriculture sub-committee had decided that 30 acres, despite 40 years of evidence and punctilious rent paying to the contrary, was uneconomic. Now it wants to obliterate the

farm by dividing it up between two neighbouring ones. This, of course, means evicting the 45-year-old man who has made a living from it. Not only will Eric have to be re-housed but he will also find himself on the dole — farming is not a very transferable skill. It also means the end of seven years of providing jobs under the Youth Opportunities Pro-

gramme. One of the agriculture committee's most determined opponents of Park House farm is Councillor Brentall, who has found that 30 acres can indeed be very economic. He has just sold his farm, parcelled up into lots of about that size, for some £400,000. Obviously it's OK to create little yuppie heavens for rich city dwellers who like to play at farming, but sorry, not the

real thing The whole shameful episode has now run its expensive course through the courts. Eric is nearly bankrupt. The last four years have cost him £6,000, most of his savings. The county council has probably spent even more ratepayers' money trying to prise a man from his livelitood, just to Brentallise h

Just to Brentallise his land. The committee makes its "final decision" on the 29th. For the record, Eric Stanhone has been paying money into a county council holding account as often as they will talk in



Sporting Life

THE dastardly suggestion that it order to be a member of the Jockey Club you have to be an old Etonian or an ex-member of the Household Cavalry or both is usually dishissed by the Portman Square hierarchy as scarrilous ublish. They are presumably not worded therefore by the ludicrous implications of the case of former jockey Edward Hide and his application to become a stewards secretary.

According to long-standing Jockey Club minion Lieute ant-Colonel Dick Bromley-Gardner, stewards secreta les aren't really secretaries at all. They are employed by the Jockey Club to act as professional advisors to stew rds at loca race meetings.

Larlier this year the Jockey Club advertised

Farlier this year the Jockey Club advertised a vacancy for a lew stewards' secretary on the norther circuit. Amongst those applying was Hid, a former top class rider in the north of England and a man with more than thirty-two ears' professional experience of the everyday circ scene. Along with five others Hide was short-listed for the post and went down to London for an interview. He didn't get the job. Neither did the other five applicants.

An exhaustive search was presumably then initiated to find a man with the ideal combination of brains, sagacity and racecourse knowledge. At the end of last month the Clubmen came up with the results of their labours. And yes, the new stewards' secretary is to be none other than one Major Brennan, a former officer in the Household Cavalry and a Master of Foxhounds in North Yorkshire.

Now, according to Lieutenant-Colonel Bromley-Gardner, the reason why Hide was not suitable for the job is because "you can't take a man out of the sergeants' mess and make him an officer overnight". But you can, it seems, take a man out of the Household Cavalry and make him a stewards' secretary

Ah! So now it becomes clear. Is the Jockey Club operating a sort of upmarket job centre for unemployed military layabouts who might otherwise be left hanging around street corners threatening old ladies and stealing sweets from stable lads? Not a bit of it, says the Colonel. Besides, all secretaries have to undertake a year's training before they start work. So who trains them? The other stewards secretaries of course. And what's their experi-

ence?
Well, there's Lieutenant-Colonel Bromley-Gardner himself. He used to play regimental polo. And he's a member of the Badminton three day event committee. Then there's Captain Patrick Hibbert-Foy. He's another fox-hunting man from North Yorkshire. And then there's Lieutenant-Colonel Inglis. He used to do a spot of gymkhana racing in India in 1942. And then there was his point-to-point riding. For the British Army on the Rhine. That was in 1947. Or was it 1948?

And so on.

'Major Bonkers'



MORE NEWS from the building work union UCATT, whose seven Irish branches produced the following shock result last year in the elections for a seat of the executive council:

Bro. Brian Veal Bro. Dick Miles

This clean sweep enabled Mr Ven to win a seat on the executive council, much to the delight of the major ty on the executive council, the retiring secretary, L. Wood, and the existing general secretary, Albert Williams.

Not long after his election, Mr Veal was

issued by the union with a C-registration Ford Sierra, valued at £10,500.

He then swapped it for an older B-registration car owned by the retiring general secretary, L. Wood. Mr Wood had just bought this car from the union at a cost of £1,600. So hold got a new car for an old car, even though he tree at longer an officer of the union.

was no longer an officer of the union. The transaction was known to the new general secretary, Albert Williams, and approved by him.

DESPITE the hearty support of the entire press and the board of British Coal, the new mineworkers' union in Notts, the UDM, is encountering a spot of trouble.

Its bold prediction of 60,000 members by Christmas may not be fulfilled. At present it has (at most) 22,000, and membership outside Notts is now derisory. Latest accounts show expenditure for July and August outstripping income by a total of some £100,000.

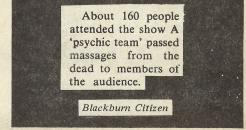


HUSBAND



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"Typical - you wait ages for a horseman of the apocalypse - and then four come along"



OUR revelations about Peckham Labour Party and Councillor Tony Goss (Eye 643) brought a predictable response. Firstly, failed council leadership candidate Danny McCarthy declared that he was going to seek out those who had spoken out and deal with them "down a dark alley" in time-honoured fashion.

Then Goss himself declared that he was

stepping down as a delegate to Peckham's general management committee in protest at its failure to take any action against leakers. Presumably, ringing one of the more salacious local papers and telling a reporter about the sexual preferences of new council leader Ann Matthews doesn't count as leaking: otherwise Goss might have been on the end of his own disciplinary action.

Typically the ex-delegate Goss spent September's GMC meeting on the wrong sid September's GMC meeting on the wrong side of the curtain which divides politicos from pissartists in Peckham's Labour dub. There he listened to a discussion about an allegation that he had threatened to kill one of his compales. The complainant is an American: so the witty

he had threatened to kill one of his comrides. The complainant is an american: so the witty Goss amused himsel with a misy relation of "The Stars and Stripes for Eva.", punctuated by the sound of breaking glass

This performance must have impressed the three Walvorth Road of memerats who have finally appeared to look into the sorry saga of the Labour club bar. I ondon party secretary Terry Ashon, John rouch the Labour Party's properties of free and regional officer Steve Mortan soon found themselves on the receiving end of a datack from deranged former mayor while Goaler. The old fool challenged Crouch to "come outlide", an invitation that he might have regretted had the younger man taken it up.

The sad fact is that a year after planning a complex of bar, meeting rooms and offices in a newly refurbished building near Southwark

newly refurbished building near Southwark
Town Hall, the party has seen nearly £170,000 in cash and borrowings disappear with very little to show for it. There s the barely finished bar, of course, but the campaigning facilities which the bar was supposed to subsidise have never appeared. As the party's treasurer told delegates, "we have no usable offices or immediate prospect of any and no printing or even typing and copying facilities working.

Worse, the whole thing could end up in the hands of the bank any day now, because of the of entriss foolhardy way the deal was handled by Mrs suicidal control of the https://odysee.com/@CollierExposed:f

Ann Goss (some relation) and her cronies on the bar and new premises committees. No doubt the Walworth Road men will have plenty of questions of their own about the fiasco but here are a few to start them off. Why did the party choose the highest of three tenders for the building work, so that it could only afford to do a fraction of the job originally planted? Why was the contract set up by Tony Gos Why was the contract set up by Tony Goss (who had no authority to do so) and why didn't it specify the exact work to be done. Why didn't the party find a loan before allowing the building to start? Why didn't is secure the loan against a lease, as advised by Walworth Road, rather than against the property itself? Why didn't it finally fix up the loan until two days but ore the builders launched a legal action for ton-payment of their bill? And how is the bar going to pay back its £900 a month loan repayments?

Meanwhile in the real world, Southwark Council's inquiry into the Nye Bevan Lodge (Eye 6-3) scandal will dow look into the long history of the proble m and not start at the arbitrary Catober 1985 date favoured by NUPE and its friends. Now all the inquiry team has to do is co wince potential witnesses that their names will not be handed to those who

their names will not be handed to those who would like to see them too "down a dark alley."

RED LES, hot favourite of the Hattonistas to replace Kiljoy-Silk, has revealed his firm opposition to "Neighbourhood Watch" schemes! He told his Merseyside East constituents that anyone joining becomes a police informer. Fact: Merseyside burglaries run at four times the national average.

Les now claims the consent and endorsement of his union, the T&GWU, for his candidacy. Its General Secretary Ron Todd is not amused, since the union has been trying to persuade its anarchistic local branches to support one Ray McManus, a union official who rose briefly to semiprominence when he was touted as one of Walworth Road's team to "sort out" Liverpool.

Clearly there is no truth in the scandalous allegation that Huckfield has been advocating a break away from the Labour Party if action were taken against his misguided supporters. It would take a lunatic to suggest such things in would take a fulfact to suggest such thangs in earshot of political opponents and not expect them to be used against him.

Meanwhile, back in the Hattonista heart-

land, Derek's selfless courage in the face of his comrades' call for him to go (see Eye passim) has had the result we predicted. Strengthened by a spine transplant, Labour officials have suspended his Broadgreen Constituency, and left Militant MP Terry Fields chewing the stem of his pipe in horror at the prospects. Derek now makes no secret of his threat to sing a song of entrism if the comrades don't join him in his suicidal course.

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PrivateEye

Letters

Ulster Moan

The Eye's irresponsibility is perennial and therefore unremarkable. But when it is combined with viciousness, that is another

matter.

Your story (Colour Section, Eye 045)
attributing murder, bribery and corruption to
the Royal Ulster Constabulary is quite scandalous. It pre-empts the outcome of any inquiry
the details of which have not yet been made
public. Although there has been considerable
speculation about this, bribery has not been even mentioned.

If it's an attack on the police you want, why stray this far when you have Knecker and his friends in your own squalid back (Scotland) friends in your vard.

ey your pasty left ving, Republican for those who deserve it. The RUC is the t, best and nost efficient force in these venor brave island

Yours truly, STEPHEN PRESTON, Political columnist. Sunday News, Belfast.

Palin Drone

I write to protest at the hounding of Roy Hattersley (Grovel Eye 645). What on earth can be wrong with a man who chooses to spend his hard-earned spondulicks on good food and female company? I find the behaviour of such a great trencherman far less reprehensible than that of Eye readers Susan Sampford and Anne Johnson whose informing activities could win them scholarships to the KGB any day. What was Anne Johnson doing at the Linden Hall Hotel, Longhorseley, anyway Cleaning out the chimneys? Testing the sound system for Red Wedge?

As for her observation that "I smiled, but he did not smile back" one cannot help feeling why the hell should he? The last thing you want after a nice meal is to have to grin at some sanctimonious bint who's going to rat on you in a national magazine.

'm no psychiatrist but I believe the reason for Roy's epicurean habits may lie in the fact that he was born and brought up in Sheffield. This is one of the most gastronomically deprived areas in the Western World, indeed the food was so bad that many of us didn't eat at all until well into our teens, (look at Marti Caine). South Yorkshire was to the gourmet as the Nullarbor Plain to the forest ranger. Is it surprising therefore that we should want to get stuck into the magret de canard at every oppor-

Let's hope that Roy is big enough to shrug this off.

Yours faithfully, MICHAEL PALIN, Cambridge Gate, London NW1.

Allen Line

Sir, In your Business News story, Maxwell Grouse (Eye 645) you state that the All England Law Reports are published by Butter-worths. This is correct. You also state that Butterworths is part of the Maxwell publishing empire. This is not correct. Butterworths is, in fact, part of Reed International.

Yours faithfully, JANE ALLEN, Director.

Butterworths, 88 Kingsway, London WC2. COLLIEREXPOSED@PROTONMAIL.COM

#COLLITEREXPOSED

McEwan/Oxberry

Sir,
Your Ugandan Affairs correspondent must have been considerably over-refreshed on his recent visit to the Sportsman Club in Tottenham Court Road. Only that, or his urgent need for the services of an optician, could possibly explain your extraordinary outburst in Street of Shame (Eye 645) linking me in most embarrassing terms with Miss Feona McEwan of the Financial Times.

Having set foot in the place but once, sixteen years ago, which was quite enough for

sixteen years ago, which was quite enough for me in one lifetime, I can only assure you it must have been a case of mistaken identity. Further, I have only once set eyes on the lady in question, over a very public lunch table in the company of a third person, and I can assure you on the basis of that brief encounter that she is neither "blonde" nor "firtatious". My only contact since then was when she telephoned to check some facts for her story. If you had done that you would not now be looking like a complete bunch of Wallies — pink in the face to boot. in the face to boot.

Honour must be satisfied. I suggest a bunch of flowers to Miss McEwan, one to my wife, and a bunch of fives to the lunatic who fed you such garbage.

A free ticket to the Ugandan Safari Rally awaits anyone who can provide information on vour source.

Yours faithfully, DANIEL OXBERRY, Manager Corporate Affairs, Philip Morris Ltd, 21 High Street, Feltham.

Nice Guy

Bonkers (Eye 645) must be hard up for material. His nasty piece aimed at Guy Harwood simply rehashes a three month old story. Dancing Brave did not win the Derby and the jockey got more than a fair share of the blame.

Guy Harwood does indeed enjoy a reputation for fairness, sportsmanship and integrity, as instanced by his reported reaction to Dancing Brave's defeat at Epsom, and his reputation is not even scratched by Bonkers' efforts which reek of the jealousy that success usually

arouses among the ordinary and the fourth-rate.

Owners are entitled to state preferences for jockeys for their horses and it is hardly surprising that Prince Khaled Abdulla asked for a change.

Guy Harwood's unruffled and modes acceptance of Dancing Brave's subsequent successes in the Eclipse and the King George was no different from his sportmanlike occeptance of a cruelly disappointing Derby defeat by, let it be said, a very good horse.

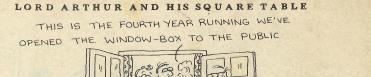
Yours faithfully, OLIVER WINGROVE, Juniper Cottage, Findon, W. Sussex.

Keene Observer

Sir,
You say you would be glad to hear from anyone who can give you information on the appointment of Raymond Keene as Chess Covespondent of The Times (Eye 644). Well, I can do so. As an occasional contributor of chess pieces to The Times, I was asked by a senior editor there for my advice on their intention to appoint him, to help ease the burden on the great but long-serving Harry Golombek. I the great but long-serving Harry Golombek. I had no hesitation in recommending Ray Keene as the most consistently entertaining, instruc-tive and well-informed chess columnist in the country. A judgement which the readers of the

paper have been able to verify week by week. I suggest your Lordship advises his own "chess" informant to stick his white bishop up his black castle.

Yours, DAVID SPANIER, Chess Correspondent, Today, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London SWJ: //odysee.com/@CollierExplaneashire.





Brookner Prized

Sir, Your tacky hack-attack on Anita Brookner is a beautiful illustration of current English values. Every one of Brookner's novels is a superb artistic achievement, a triumph over supern artistic achievement, a triumph over their apparent narrowness of focus. Her typical heroine, of immigrant stock trying to under-stand English codes, succeeds brilliantly in her chosen field but fails at a banal level of personal acceptance. Thus the banal acquires an assir ational significance that it would not achieve in any other society

any other society.

Your dreadful and illiterate back, precisely in the manner of one of prookne's heroes (hollow beneath the Oxbridge publics hool/Private Eye exterior) puts down Brookner's work by ignoring its high talent and picking on banal personal aetails a yout Ms brookner and her crass publisher—vidently another hollow chap beneath the Bedford Square/Oxbridge/public school etc. What a boring, coded little lot you are.

To all Private Lye readers—read the brilliant, talented, pleasurable and witty Brookner! Defy the coded pseuds and hacks!

Yours sincerely, GIL ELLIOT, Belsize Pork Gardens, London NW3.

Curtis Note

Sir,

I am not in the least surprised that the Min of Ag has forbidden John Curtis (Down on the Farm, Eye 643) from selling his cream; they'll no doubt have a stern effort at stopping him selling his superb cheese next — we've tried it and enjoyed it very much.

I live in a part of the country where we have very many producer-retailers producing and

selling what is called 'greentop' milk unpasteurised (but free from Brucellosis and tuberculin-free also). The Min of Ag with its bosom pals the big dairy combines and its even bigger bosom pal the EEC seems to us to want to suppress any individual endeavours and to fall into line with producing only pasteurised sterile and tasteless milk. Check on the figures they produce now and again trying to link health risks directly with raw milk and notice how, over the recent years, they have tightened how, over the recent years, they have tightened restrictions on producer-retailers. They won't suddenly stop them producing but prefer a slow death so the public hardly notices. Call this a government for freedom and choice — it's a load of natural fertilizer!

Best of luck to John Curtis — hope he fights and wins!

and wins!

Yours faithfully, AIDAN HUGHES, Waddow Grove, Waddington, Nr Clitheroe, #COLLIEREXPOSED

Deeley Below

Sir.

Wrong again! I was not sacked by the Observer (Eye o 45). I walked out, tired of being fucked around. And I took a large drink off them. Know what I mean, John?

off Ihem. Know what I mean, John?

'Sacked' suggests professional incompetence or a hand in the till or a leg-over situation with such as the news editress. (I'm not into middleaged Yuppies yet.)

But then nobody takes you seriously. What could have been a damaging slur upon my journalistic reputation has proved to be the best of free plugs for my availability.

Such has been the deluge of sympathetic mail that I must simply say 'Thank you' to one and all (and the Eye).

Yours, PETER DEELEY Sinclair Rd., London W14..

Stubble . . .

Sir,
Please take no notice of Chris Dalby's letter
(Eye 645). Monty Stubble's contribution, along
with Denis's letter, is at present among the finest achievements of your outstanding organ.

Yours faithfully, LAURENCE CARTER, Wykeham Road, Farnham, Surrey.

Burning . . .

Sir, Mr C Dalby (Eye 645) should be dragged in for questioning, following his seditious tirade against Monty. The cartoon is the most consistently funny and witty insight into the reality of political personalities since Miss Rice-Pudding opened her heart (and legs) for all the world to take a peek. The one-liners from the ranks are hilarious. One more thing: Do all your readers actually know who claimed to be: "Monty Stubble"?

Yours from "The Resistance", MIKE BRENNAN, Mintridge Close, Higher Openshaw, Manchester.

Issue.

Sir,
Do not shoot Monty Stubble! "Battle For Britain" is von of ze best features in your magazine unt I am avaiting publication of zis kartlin strip in bilch form in time for Christmas. Herr S. Claus has my advance order. Or is Christmas. Dalby (Eye 645) merely attempting cruel cockney humour (from Surrey?) and failing miserably?

Yours, SHONA WHITE, COLSTISTE fun Strasse, PStockbyllcke, Edinburg.



Submitted by Jack Gradwell. £10 paid for similar submissions. (SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)

Notwork South East

I feel it is my duty to write to you about British Rail's extravagant "Notwork South East" campaign which, as many commuters will know, is a concerted effort by BR to make us think that the service provided is being improved.

In reality the trains are no different, the prices no cheaper, many station buildings are prices no cheaper, many station buildings are still condemned and the heaters in the waiting rooms only work in summer. The fact is that there has only been one noticeable change on station platforms in the South and that is the emergence of hundreds of bright red lampposts. Almost without exception all of the stations in the area have the mand in many cases the erection of these lamp posts is the only sign that any red coration has taken place. A prime example of this has to be only sign that any re-dicoration has taken place. A prime example of this has to be Dorchester West Station which looks as though a bomb has hit it and nothing been done to repair the damage. It is unstaffed and its buildings are boarded up, however it has no less than twelve new lamp-posts.

You<mark>r</mark>s, KEVIN SCOTT, knell, Berkshire.

Sir, Unfortunately, Clive Evans (your correspondent in Eye 644) is horribly mistaken in suggesting that Robert Maxwell, alias Cap'n Bob, is in some way descended from the Ruthenes in Trans-Carpathia. Although he rarely admits it, he is, in fact, of Jewish descent.

He is on record as having the ambition to be a Chief Rabbi, were it not for his various publishing activities. To suggest that this man is a true Slav is a slur on Slavs in general, and to Jews in particular, for Central European Jews, especially, have always regarded themselves as separate and above those in whose countries they resided.

Yours, M.O. KRAVCHENKO, 5036 E. Weaver Ave, Littleton, Co 80121, USA.

As a midget suffering from a scaly dry-skin condition necessitating the constant application of creams, I would like to protest most strongly at the use of the phrase "slimy little informant" (Letters Eye 645). I fail to see how the stature of an informant or indeed his skin condition can be relevant to the morality of his actions. In my increasingly lengthy experience, diminutive people are confrontational, open and honest. However, I know of many tall people with perfect complexions who are back-stabbing and malicious. Some have even been traitors. Sir, ever since the tragic death of my Great Dane, I have required a pogo-stick to post letters.

Yours sincerely, FRANCIS HLMAN, Beudy Newydd, Llanfrotlen, Gwynedd,

Colemanballs

6 paid for contributions

"It's incredible tuese days especially these days PETER 3.4Y (1960s pop star), LBC (Graham E

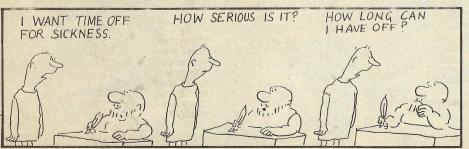
"Not only is Sebastian Coe looking cool calm and collected, he's hardly breathing" LON PICKERING, BBC2 (Daniel Izza)

"One of the great unknown champions because very little is known about him" DAVID COLEMAN, BBC 2 (Tim Manley)

"They literally went to the same school together from the first day they went there SIMON BATES, Radio 1 (S. Clubb)

"You must put your foot down with a firm hand MICHAEL VAN-STRATTEN, LBC (Steve Campen)





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from Our Own Correspondent

ITH the invasion of more than 8000 d gates for the Eighth sum mit of the Non Aligned Movement our minds turn, as well they should, to sin. For whatever statements the NAM people issue about the role of women in life, Honduras, outer space etc, the fact emains that it is an overwhelmingly male dominated movement. So by nine every evening Harare has some 8000 non-aligned willies, bored stiff by the day's speeches, desperately seeking relief.

In one respect, however, their host Uncle Bob has not been very nospitable. In an attempt to clean the streets in time for NAM, codenamed Operation Chinyavada (the Shona word for scorpi m) Bob's goons have been rounding up decens of our girls.

Often the goons make a mistake and pick up a perfectly decent girl: at the police station she is offered a choice of 2 days in jail before appearing before a magistrate, or a 'deposit fine' to be some sort of bail, pay it only to learn later that payment is an admission of guilt.

In consequence nunters and hookers alike gates for the Eighth Summit of the N

of guilt.

In consequence punters and hookers alike

In consequence punters and hookers alike have had to be resourceful. A week before the summit began a few girls sneaked their way into the accreditation office at the Monomotapa hotel pretending to be journalists and were only recognised after their accreditation papers had been cleared. Last week, during the summit, two 'entertainment officers' at the Conference Centre were sacked after they had been found in delegates' bedrooms at the Monomotapa. Until a couple of years ago the high class trade was handled by a predominantly white agency called A Touch of Class run, I gather, by a Borrowdale housewife. That was busted in the last big clean-up so now visiting heads of state and their flunkies have to rely on freelancers. This is posing not a few organisational problems. "What's happening to our sisters from Harare?" a senior delegate from Botswana was recently heard to complain in the conference centre.

problems. "What's happening to our sisters from Harare?" a senior delegate from Botswana was recently heard to complain in the conference centre.

Of course it isn't just NAM that has made Uncle Bob redouble his efforts to clear the streets. When the first anti-prostitution drive was launched in October 1983 Harare was virtually in the grip of a VD epidemic and a large proportion of the country's foreign exchange was being used to buy drugs to fight it. But the clean-up campaign, consisting as it did of arbitrary sweeps on single and in some cases even married girls who happened to be within range of anyone in the Central Intelligence Organisation (CIO) or the Youth Brigade, created a climate of fear. Flats were broken into, girls — often innocent ones — were picked up in cinema houses while watching Walt Disney films. They were then taken to labour camps commonly known as Minda mirefu (Shona for 'the long fields'.) The most famous of these was the one at Mushumbi Pools on the Zambezi valley, a holding camp formerly used by the Rhodesia Front government.

Sanitary conditions in the camp were horrific, there was little food and water for the girls and forced labour was the order of the day. Ostensibly, of course, these were 're-education' camps, but the press was kept away. On one famous occasion security personnel told six families that their daughters in the camps had been eaten by lions. The matter was widely reported, in the foreign press that is, but there is good reason to believe that the lions were quite innocent. A secret report prepared for Uncle Bob admits that the girls had run away.

Considering the way most of our countrymen treat women it's a wonder they haven't all started charging. Extra-marital affairs are commonplace and concubinage is vastly preferred to marriage. Last year, amid much fanfare and publicity, the Minister of Transport and father of ten children Comrade Dr Herbert Ushewokunze married for the first time — the bride was 18 years old. President Comrade Banana attended the wedding a

Thus Stanies

ILLUMINATED BY BERT KITCHEN

"JT WAS my mother who made me complain about Dr Junction," said Mr John Crown of Seafield. "My first contact with the doctor came when I was lying on the floor of the Confederation Arms after being kicked in the head by a friend. The landlord, Barney Kosset, sent for a doctor and Dr Junction arrived but insisted on having two large whiskies before he examined me. Then he covered my eye with an inch of paper serviettes and told me I would feel a lot worse in the morning. I was charged for the whiskies.

"Two weeks later when he came back from his holidays he paid me a home visit. He came straight into the kitchen, went up to my mother, examined her eye and said she had made an amazing recovery."

MONSIGNOR Luigi de Magistris of the Vatican has told the world's 780 million Catholics that if they wish to reach heaven as soon as possible after death by hearing or viewing indulgences on radio or television they must tune into live shows, and only live shows.

"Repeats and replays of videos will not speed matters up," he said.

WHILE using a metal detector to relocate the position of a number of water hydrants that have been buried in the course of planing and building work, Fireman Eric Pritt had seven holes

dug into the main road from Taunton to Bath before realising that the detector was responding to his boot's metal toecaps.

FTER the severed head of a horse was thrown through the glass front door of Mr Kenneth Barnes, a Conservative councillor for Newcastle upon Tyne, a spokesman for the Northumbrian police said: "As Mr Barnes is not very Right Wing, has never made a controversial statement of any kind whatsoever, and has extremely nice neighbours, we are

assuming that the head was sent to the wrong address."

RS LOTUS Creake of Godstane has offered a reward for information leading to the return of her python, Sinclair.

"Sinclair is one-eyed and has a number of scars on his back that were inflicted by Carnival, my gerbil," she said.

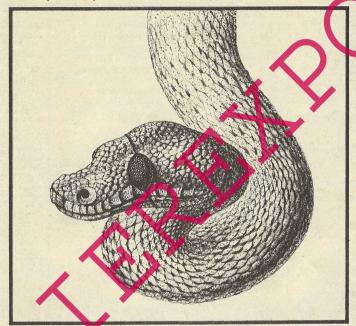
DURING a television interview, Miss Norma Almodavar,

who is running for Lieutenant Governor of California on the New Libertarian ticket, said: "I used to be Sergeant Norman Almodavar of the Bay Highway Patrol. Three years and I changed sex and became a call girl. I know there have been complaints about my poster which, as you can see shows me in a bikmi and red Loxing gloves ariking a Rocky 10 type pose. I would have preferred to appear in the nude, of course, but to have done so would have been a violation of my probation order."

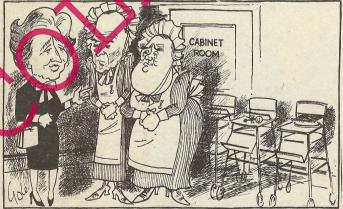
RRESTED in the street after stealing six pounds of potatoes from a supermarket, Mr Edward Dundee agreed that he had his full name, Edward Haddington Dundee tattooed across his forehead, and added: "I did not think anyone would be able to identify me because I do my own tatooing and as I used a mirror for my forehead I got the lettering back to front."

INFORMATION: The Scotsman 15.7.1986; Telegraph 16.7.1986; Daily Mail 25.7.1986; Guardian 12.7.1986; Eastern Daily Press 21.7.1986; Ventura County Star 17.7.1986; Dundee Courier 24.6.

MONITORS: Anon, John Hart, Virginia Ronnie, Alistair Tosh, T. Gregory, Richard Lancaster, Mike Potter.



Answer to Brain Teaser No.94



"NOW REMEMBER WILLIE, NORMAN, THEY ARE STILL VERY YOUNG, BLUE FOR A BOY, BLUE FOR A GIRL...

- The lady on the left, in black, is of course Miss Benazir Bhutto.
- The nursemaids are the late Mr Jeremy Thorpe and the late Mr Richard Dimbleby.
- The three chairs on the right represent the TUC, the National Health Service and the vacant chairmanship of the BBC.
- The word 'Gale' in the bottom left hand corner represents the 'Wind of Change'

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which has been blowing through the fusty corridors of the *Daily Telegraph*, moving the Births, Marriages and Deaths announcements from page 27 to page 17.

Winners: W.F. Deedes, Aldington, Kent. T.E.
Utterly-Unreadable, Ballyawful, N. Ireland.
Losers: Nick Garland and all readers of the
Daily Telegraph.
Dosed:f #COLLIEREXPOSED



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10 Bowning Street Whitehall

Dear Bill,

Did you get my p.c. of the Flashing Troll from Oslo? It did cross my mind to put it in an envelope, but I thought it would be more amusing to let the postman hand it over to Daphne. As you may have seen, we had a pretty rough ride in Norway with a lot of Lefty hooligans stoned out of their minds on glue, alcohol being in short supply due to the suicide rate. I thought it a bit rich, this Nordic rabble trying to tell M. what's what about Apartheid when they've never seen a black face in their lives. Talking of which, did you see that super-prat Runcie tangoing round the floor with little Tutu on the TV? Mrs Van der K. was terrible upset, and wrote to me saying did Runcie know that the crypt of Desmond T's Cathedral was choc-a-bloc with Russian-made machine guns? I passed the message on to Hurd, but he was pretty snooty, saying I sounded as though I'd had a good lunch, and why didn't I ring in the morning?

Her Scandatour all came as a bit of a blow to the Boss, as Saatchis had told her she could use Norway to make the Autumn Campaign Launch, majoring on her new "Green image, for which she has already coughed up six hundred million fitting strainers to power stations. However the Norwegians weren't in the least bit grateful and we didn't at all take to Mrs Brundtland, a sort of Norwegian version of Glynis Kinnock who spent the whole time haranguing us in broken Svensk about the advantages of log stoves over nuclear fuel and her ideas for cur-

ing unemployment in the UK.

You may wonder why the Cabinet s remained unscathed after all the big talk of a major reshuffle. ersonally I told M. to get rid of Matey next door, Howe, Whitelaw a drunken old deadbeat if ever there was (though it takes one to know one you might say) -- also Hogg and Hurd, on the obvious grounds that no decent company would have them on the board. But the Corsican Twins unrolled a big screed about

the Nostalgia Factor, and how in times of turbulence the consumer will turn to the tried and tested product i.e. Marmite, Ovaltine, Whitelaw. So all we got in the end was a lot of shuffling about in the lower reaches and a very tiresome loudmouthed woman in black stockings brought in to do PR for the NHS. Take one look at her and join BUPA, was my view, though when I heard what happened to Maurice's friend in the private clinic when they took out the wrong bit and he passed over, it did make

one ponder.

You see they've finally got rou see they've finally got round to flogging off BA carefully timed to coincide with the inquest on last year's air disaster. The Boss is frightfully keen on the man in charge, this Lord King johnny, an amiable enough old buffer who's thrown several thousand stewards out of work and speeded up the luggage carriesels at Gatwick luggage carousels at Gatwick. According to Furniss at the Nat-Nest it's going dirt cheap, but even so he doesn't recommend it as a flutter. Boss however is now dead set on shunting King on to the BBC strip off a few of their assets. If it can put the cat among the pigeons in that nest of overweight Trotskyite gayboys, and wipe the smile off that Irish one who's always on in the evenings for a start, then he'll certainly have my support, and I might persuade a few of Mrs Van der Kafferbesher's friends to buy a majority shareholding in BBCplc when it's finally slimmed down and up for grabs.

Must stop now, as Van der Pump is coming round for a chin-wag on the South African situation. Boris is making a leek quiche, which is Van der P's favourite grub, I've opened a bottle of Chateau Lamberhurst, and after supper we're all going to hold hands in a darkened room and try to contact General Smuts for advice.

Yours on the ethereal plane,

Denis

BBCCHAR #COLLIEREYBYSTEP head of BISTISHEARY POSESTIMPT PRESSOOM ports Catering Facilities Ltd., is an intensely able business-THE RACE IS ON

by Our Media Staff T.V. Licence and E. Stenders

The world of broadcasting has been thrown into a state of turmoil following the death of the BBC's dynamic Chairman, Lord Suit.

Suit. described friends as a "charismatic, no-nonsense, immensely able administrator", has left a gaping vacuum at the helm of the world's most prestigious broadcasting organisation.

PARKINSON MUST GO

Now the race is on to find

a suitable candidate to fill the shoes of a man once described as "one of the most important men in a suit to emerge since last year".

These are the front-runners to succeed to the BBC's much coveted hotseat:

Lord Heathrow, 61, Mrs Thatcher's controversial choice to rescue the BBC by selling it off to private inves-Lord Heathrow,

• Sir William Haley-Mogg, 65. Former editor of the Antiquarian Booksellers Monthly, Rees-Moggadon is an intensely shy extrovert who lives quietly in Someset with a highly-prized collection of antiquarian suits.

Sir Ian MacGreyman, 89. By far the oldest candidate, Sir Ian is a controversial figure who has been accused of being a war criminal for his part in the shabby episode in 1984 when he sent millions of innocent coal sacks to Newcastle. If chosen, Sir Ian would like to close down the BBC in order to make it

• Kingsley Amis, 76. Al though something of a dark horse, Amis has won acclaim for his startling new novel Still Banging On, a poignant study of an agoing no elist who has nothing much to say and a great deal to drink. (A mishtake, shurley? Ed.)



therto completely unknown outsider was today unexpectedly catapulted from obscurity into the most important job in British broadcasting.

The new chairman of the BBC is to be Lord Greyman, 64, who farms 8,000 acres of peatbog on the Scottish island of Suit.

Lord Greyman, who is also a former Chairman of Allied Chequecards, the giant catering-to-leisure conglomerate with headquarters in Milton Keynes, is described by colleagues as "intensely able and extremely boring".



Lord Heathrow



Sir William Haley-Mogg



Sir lan MacGreyman



Kingsley Amis

ES OK & JOHN KENT MAGGIE



Upper Class Bastards

a much-acclaimed new drama documentary which tells for the first time the true story of the First World War as it really happened.

Writer-Producer
Alan Blackpudding
author of the award-winning series
Boys From The Thin Stuff
writes

LIKE everyone else, I was brought up to believe that the First World War consisted of a lot of gallant lads happily going over the top to their deaths, singing Land of Hope and Glory and waving Union Jacks.

Then, last year, I happened to come across this amazing, totally unknown book called *The Monocled Upper Class Twits* in a second-hand bookshop, which for the first time opened my eyes to what really happened. And this is the basis of my 5-part TV series.

Apparently, although it has been totally hushed-up by the entire establishment, on a certain day in June 1916, the entire British Army in France mutinied against their upper-class, public-schooleducated officers. As a result they were all court-martialled and shot at a place called the Somme, and the British government then totally cynically explained away the millions of dead working class heroes by telling the blatant lie that they had died fighting the Germans.

Somme Like It Hot

In my film, which may shock a lot of people because of the way it strips away the tissue of Es ablishment lies to reveal the real truth about what happened in 1916, I show that Field Marshall Haig and his crongs were the greatest war criminals since Lord Stockton.

CAST

Field Marshal Lord Haig . . . Edward Fox Lord Spection Michael Hordern Victor Silvester . . . Herbert von Karajan Private Jack Spart Yosser Hughes Man In Trench David Frost

This is the highlight of the BBC's autumn drama season. Over £2,000 million was spent on recreating the First World War on its original locations in northern France.

GOVERNMENT WARNING: this series contains certain passages of explicit historical inaccuracy which some viewers may find disturbing odysee.com/@CollierExposed:f





"Stubble burning's with us again I see"



MCLACHLAN

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http://ddyse.RoovedlienExposed:f **ROCKY HORROR** SERVICE BOOK

No. 94.

Service For The Deconsecration Of A Sacred Edifice Preparatory To Its Conversion Into An "Burger Bar".

THE PRESIDENT: Dearly beloved persons, we are gathered here, in this holy place for the solemn purpose of flogging it off to a much respected fast-food chain in order to make a

ALL SAY: Great idea, vicar, we're right behind you (or some

other appropriate indication of assent).

THE PRESIDENT: Who here present has agreed to take this church of St M- or St N- to adapt it in a tasteful manner to a commercial use, whilst at the same time paying due respect to its many outstanding architectural features and its former purpose as a place of worship?

Mr Garfunkel (for it is he) shall then step forward in front of the Congregation and hand over the cheque to the President, saying in a loud voice

Here are the ackers, squire.

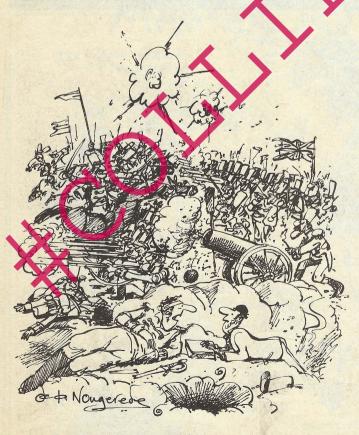
The Congregation shall then form a reverent queue up to the altar-style service counter where the Celebrant shall prepare sufficient "Quarter-Pounder Burgers With French Fries 'N' Crispy Fresh Salad On The Side' to feed all those present. Suitable disco music may be played.

THE PRESIDENT: Would you like something to drink, sir? EACH CUSTOMER SHALL THEN REPLY: A Coke please he may name some other beverage on the menu).

THE PRESIDENT SHALL THEN SAY: That will be £13.96.

Have a nice day, sir.

THE CONGREGATION: You're welcome.



"This is Waterloo, Sir - I think you want Euston . . .

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#COLLIER

SED@PROTONMAIL.COM ONAH JUNOR

CONGRATULATE the lovely Princess of Wales on shooting her first stag. With a single blast from her high-powered rifle she dropped the proud Monarch of the Glen in his tracks.

At her side was flame-haired Fergie. And that night the gillies piped and danced till daybreak as the huge carcass of the mighty beast was turned over a charcoal furnace

I have only one question about this happy affair. Where on earth was Diana's husband Prince Charles when he should have been by her side steadying her aim with firm husbandly hand?

Painting the primroses in Balmoral's back-garden? Or perhaps closered with that fusty old crank Sir Laurens van der Post who has filled his head with more rubbish than you ould find in the sewers of Tel Aviv.

MRS EDWINA Currie has a bit of a nerve, doesn't she, parading in public with the slogan "Never underestimate the power of this woman" scrawled across her prominent chest?

Mrs Currie has every reason to look smug when she has just been given a top job in the Ministry of Health at the age of 39.

But a word of warning in your pretty ear, Edwina.

Never underestimate the power of Maggie Thatcher when it comes to putting a bomb under pushy little bitches who threaten to steal her thunder.

I HOLD NO brief for that

THE LIGHT HOUSE COFFEE SHOP

A LA CRATE MENU

Mount Lavinia Hotel, Sri Lanka

THE POOL TERRACE

Be There !!!

sleazy Italian warbler Frank Sinatra. For all I know he was personall responsible for the St Valentine's Day massacre

But wouldn't it have been more appropriate if this week's revelations about his womanising and debauchery had appeared in a paper other than Lord Rothermere's Daily Mail?

Vere Rothermere is hardly the man to lecture Frank Sinatra, or any one else for hat matter, on high moral values.

While this obese tax-exile strolls down the leafy boulevards of Paris's Isle St Louis with a gorgeous pouting model girl from Japan, his thirty-stone wife Bubbles turns up at London society parties with a lorry driver.

At least Frank Sinatra can keep our feet tapping with his crooning.

But Vere Rothermere couldn't even play the piccolo in a pissoir.

HAVE YOU noticed? There's a chill in the air as night falls.

It won't be long before my little red-breasted friend the robin is tap-tap-tapping on the window pane asking for his daily ration of crumbs.

When you think that this tiny little creature has flown thousands of miles from Africa without ever losing his way - isn't that a better proof of God's existence than any number of TV pictures showing that blethering old ninnie Dr Runcie floundering around in the Soweto mud with his beaming little chum Tutu?

LYNN SYMINTON, of 45 Barleyknowe Lane, Gore-bridge, was fined £80 for not having a television Breach and OVER LOOKING THE SEA Assault Peeblesshire News and St Ronan's Standard

MAGGIE'S NEW LOOK TEAM—Those names in full by our Political Staff

by our Political Staff A.N. Watneys

In the biggest political shake-up for years, Prime Minister Mrs. Thatcher last night reshuffled her cabinet to give it a new get-up-and-go look before next year's surprise General Election.

OUT GOES — no one at all. IN COMES — no one at all.

SHOCK

Meanwhile lower down the ministerial ladder, Mrs. Thatcher has promoted some of the most exciting new names in British politics since Mr. James Chuter-Ede became Lord Glenamara.

Among the clapped-out old has beens who have been promoted are the celebrated right-winger Mr. Rhodes Boysonly, a strong believer in capital punishment for school leavers.

Also tipped for the top is

newcomer Mrs. Edwina Curry-Powder, described as "the hottest thing since Chicken Vindaloo". Mrs. Powder is a passionate admirer of Mrs. Thatcher, and a firm believer in bringing back herself to halt Britain's soaring crime rate.

List of Changes in Full

MINISTER FOR OVERSEAS FISHERIES: Lord Fylingdales, 41, described by friends as "quite rich, a passionate moderate and a keen supporter of Mrs. Thatcher".

PARLIAMENTARY UNDER-SECRETARY TO THE SCOTTISH LEGAL OFFICE: Mrs Angela Rumpole, 54, married to the well-known



Mrs Edwina Curry-Powder

TV barrister Horace Rumpole She is an unashamed Thatcherite and believes passionately in the selling-off of British industry to America.

LORD IN WAITING: Lord Beaverbook, 107. The well-known press lord and an out-spoken opponent of Britains entry into World War One will bring much needed vigour to the government's environmental team in the House of Lords.

St Cake's School

Rampling Term begins today. There are 796 boys in the School and two girls. C.P.B. Readership-Profile (Cobblers) is Senior of Wards. R.M.J. Dupuvtrens-Contracture (Thatchers) is Junior Lictor of the Martlets. Mr M.P.B. Interuterine-Device replaces Mr R.G.N. Simultaneous-Orgasm as Housemaster of Runcie's. The Sir Arnold Dud Flocution Cup will be contested in the Great Hall on St Dumpster's Day (Oct 23). The Big Bang will be run over Farson's Meadow on Nov 2nd. There performance a Andrew Rice-Paper's 'Nickleby and the Amazing echnicolor Sausage" in Founder's Chamber on Nov (Tickets from the Bursar Maj N.F. Panzer-Mosley).

The Tossers will meet at the Old Ship Hotel, Borehamby Sea for the Annual Dinner and Dance on Dec 28. Details from Mr N.R. Overdraft-Facility (B.B.D. 1947-1948).

Emissions will be granted on December 9th.



EGFFLE FOR BRUTAIN

BY MONTY STUBBLE



COLLIEREXPOSED@PROTONMAIL.COM

So. Farewell Then Ted Moult

Farmer and Broadcaster

Keith's Mum Remembers you On Any Questio

But Keith and I being younger Will think o You as

The Everest Double-glazing lan

'You only fit It once So fit the best"

Yes, that Was your Catchphrase

E.J. Thribb (17)

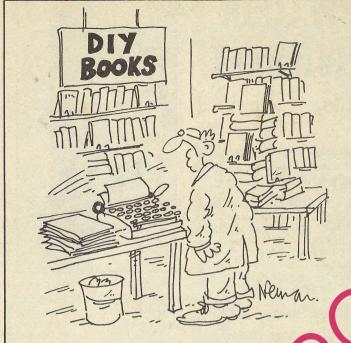


from Our TV Staff Lunchtime O'Boesak

The Archbishop Canterbury, Dr Roald Runcieballs, today visited the set of the longrunning TV soap opera South Africa.

Accompanied by the popular chatshow host Terry Beard, Dr Runcie was shown around the familiar Cross Roads set which has been on the nation's screen every night for the past year.

His guide for the occasion was the show's star, the 'Singing, Dancing Bishop' Desmond Tuturidiculousforwords.



CROSS HEADS

Archbishop was visibly shaken by what he described as "the appalling conditions in which the cast of this show have to perform every night in front of the

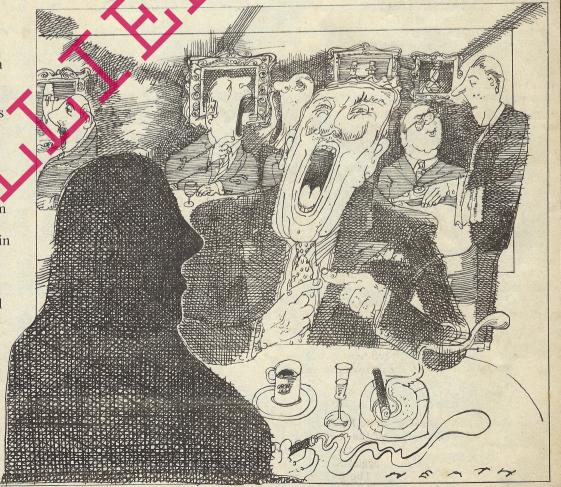
cameras"

On his return to Figland, the Archbishop courageously reaffirmed his deep personal reservations about apriheid, but added "Of course I cannot speak for the Church as a vhole

Dr Runcie is 82.

Great Bores Of Today

"... it's an absolute nightmare it's only been open 6 months and already it's falling apart some of it was so useless they had to start repairing it before it was even opened I was going to Cambridge one day last week and it took me an hour just to get on it I'm not kidding they were doing 10 miles an hour in the fast lane and they were the lucky ones it only needs one thing to go wrong and it's a total snarl-up they just didn't calculate the sheer volume of the traffic I reckon it needs at least another lane it's supposed to make traffic lighter in Central London but you just try driving up Charing Cross Road it's a joke . . . '





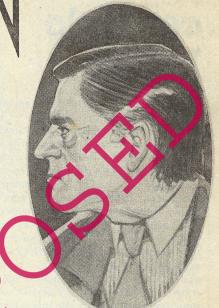


FORBIDDEN REUNION



SYLVIE





The story so far

Maggie longs to be re-united with dashing Party Chairman Cecil Parkinson. But Fate has cruelly intervened yet again . . .

"

ESHUFFLE EXPECTED TODAY" Cecil stared gloomily at the newspaper headline as he sat at his office desk in the heart of the City.

Outside, the great metropolis hummed with activity. On the street below officer workers queued at the busy sandwich bars and gaily-attired Rastafarians jogged merrily to the sound of their ghetto-blasters.

Yet in the deathly quiet of his plushly carpeted directors' suite nothing stirred. The life outside only selved to heighten his sense of frustration and inactivity.

How different it had been in the old days. His eyes strayed to the framed photograph given pride of place on the cedar-panelled wall.

There he was, a young man with a smile on his lips waving to the crowd below while the beautiful woman at his side shared that magic moment of pride and triumph

shared that magic moment of pride and triumph.

The phone at his elbow purred quietly. He picked up the receiver and heard the soft voice of his dusky Caribbean secretary Jojoba.

"Your call to Mrs Thatcher is through."

Cecil felt a thull of anticipation mingled with uncertainty course through his veins.

t had taken him more courage than he realised he possessed to make that one call.

Arte: their last fateful conversation there was always a chance that she would snub him. But if only he could talk to her again, tell her how he felt, tell her what she meant to him, then — who knows? — he might just win her round . . .

R PARKINSON, to what do I owe the pleasure?"
Her voice was icy and the steel pierced him like a knife.

"Is this a bad time, Maggie? Shall I ring back?"

"I am in a Cabinet meeting." The haughty tone was dismissive. In the background he could hear the sound of mens'

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voices, some of whom he recognised.

'It's just about this re-shuffle thing," he persevered, wishing after all, that he had had that stiff drink before speaking to her. 'I was wondering if, maybe, after all . . ."

"In sorry Cecil. I can't quite hear you. Gentlemen, please,

please be quiet. I have Mr Parkinson on the line."

"It's just that I've had a couple of offers, you know, chairmanships, and I don't want to say anything, until, you know, I know for certain the way you were thinking — about us ... er ..."

His voice trailed off. He knew it had come out badly. Where had his much-vaunted powers of presentation gone? Withered like the leaves that had fallen from the trees in the park below.

"I thought we'd been over all that, Cecil," she said firmly.

"But it's not final, is it?"

"Of course not Cecil."

For a moment he felt reassured. Then down the line he heard the sound of raucous laughter.

"EAD all about it!" shouted Jeff the rubicund newsvendor who stood nightly by the Underground station. "Cabinet re-shuffle in full!"

Cecil leaned forward and touched the chauffeur lightly on his shoulder.

The car pulled up at the curb and, pressing a coin into old Jeff's gnarled palm, Cecil snatched the late edition from the news-stand.

Feverishly he scanned the list of names. Under-Minister of Fisheries. Secretary of State for the Isle of Man. Deputy Party Chairman...

But no. Nothing. Nothing.

He slumped back into the leather upholstery of the company limousine. Rain spattered on the windscreen as the car pulled away. The paper slipped to the floor and Cecil felt a hot angry tear rise from his pale blue eyes.

"Damn, damn, and damn," he muttered under his breath. "What was that, Sir?" inquired the chauffeur solicitously.

"Nothing, Trelford," he replied with a deep sigh. "At least, nothing you or I can do anything about."

"Very good Sir."

The car sped off through the darkening streets.

(To be continued)

Publishing

Maxwell: could do better

VERY year Britain's financial commentators should be set an examination paper, and foremost among the problems they should face is this one: "Discuss the 1971 Report by Department of Trade and Industry Inspectors into the Pergamon-Leasco affair in the light of subsequent developments in the career of Robert Maxwell' Although most commentators can trot out that phrase in the report concluding that Maxwell could not be "relied on to exercise proper stewardship of a publicly quoted company", they nonetheless find it hard to recall any of the detailed criticisms levelled at him by the Inspectors.

Now that Cap'n Bob has declared his intention to become the world's leading communications tycoon – and with the financial press still reeling from his recent purchases of the Philip Hill Investment Trust, Richard Clay's Peking printing business, and American contract printers Webb — it seems appropriate to invoke the ghost of the 1971 report.

Maxwell himself, of course, still maintains that the report was grossly unfair to him, as evidenced by his letter to the *Sunday Telegraph* last month (see *Eye* 645). This claim drew a scathing response from Sir Walter Courts, chairman of Pergamon Press from 1972 to 1974, where letter from an address in Wastern whose letter from an address in Western Australia was published in the Sunday Telegraph on 7 September. Sir Walter said that Maxwell's management of the company in the late Sixties had been directly responsible for its troubles, and that had it not been "for the hard work over four years of three independent directors appointed by Grindlay's bank and a directors appointed by Grindlay's bank and a dedicated staff at Headington, Oxford, Pergamon Press would have been declared bankrupt, handed over to a liquidator, and disappeared with Mr Maxwell into oblivion.

The Inspectors' report a particularly ectiving in relation to Cap'n bub's latest headline-grabbing stunts: the Reuter's sharedealing fiasco and the Commonwealth Game, disager.

grabbing stunts: the Reuters sharedealing fiasco and the Commonweilth Games disaster.

In July, Max ell's Mirror Group Newspapers was caught breaching the rules for dealing in Reuters shares, as well as the 1985 Companies Act, when it sold two million Reuters B' shares only four weeks before the Reuters interim statement. Maxwell's excuse for breaking the rules was that the sale—worth approximately £10 million—had gone ahead without his knowledge. What would the off Inspectors have made of such an excuse back in 1971? There is no reason to speculate since the excuse to Reuters is strangely reminiscent of Cap'n Bob's excuse to the Inspectors, an excuse which did not impress them greatly:

Mr Maxwell maintained that he left financial and legal matters to his professional

financial and legal matters to his professional advisers. This we cannot accept. He has an unusually acute appreciation of financial and accounting matters and is not afraid to enter into agreements of far-reaching effect without legal advice. The evidence we have received convinces us that no major decision on financial or business policy was made in I.L.S.C. or Pergamon without his approval and they were usually his decisions.

Cap'n Bob's style of management has changed hardly at all over the years. Whether it be at the British Printing and Publishing Corporation, or at the Mirror Group, where he

demands to view galley proofs and makes his views known to leader writers, or at the Commonwealth Games, where he pinned medals on athletes, the pattern is always the same: Cap'n Bob at the helm and Cap'n Bob interfering at every level by telling each member of the crew how to do his job. Again, in this respect the legendary 1971 report is instructive:

"Mr Maxwell expected his executives to

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carry out his instructions to the letter and nothing more and not to doubt or question the wisdom of the instructions . . . an apparent fixation as to his own abilities causes him to ignore the views of others if these are not compatible ... Neither his fellow directors, his professional advisers, nor his employees were able to sway his views and actions. The concept of a Board being responsible for policy was alien to him ...



What, me wor

On 10 september *The Times* published a report of a non-attributable interview with one of the directors of the Commonwealth Games Company who around that Maxwell would be obliged to bail out the Games to the tune of £4 million the avoid possible penalties under the Insolvency Act because he had caused the Names to continue running up debts when many a rectors felt legally obliged to liquidate the company". The unnamed director also pointed out that "Maxwell's decision to pay out all creditors owed less than £5,000 in full while paying the rest only one third constituted preferential treatment that contravened proper insolvency practice".

No doubt Cap'n Bob will say that he was

wrongly advised.

Sport

Show-offs shown up

OLLOWING our revelations in Eye 645, facts are pouring in about the ubiquitous horse show duo, Richard and Marjorie Ramsey. On 26th October, the Show Hack, Cob and Riding Horse Association will be holding what masquerades as an AGM.

Richard Ramsay is standing once again for re-election to the all-powerful committee. And despite recent Eye disclosures on his bending of the rules, most members of the association believe he will be re-elected. Why? The ballot is secret — so secret that the number of votes for any candidate is never revealed. Members are simply informed of the names of those success-

ful - usually those offering themselves for re-election. Thus the committee perpetuates itself.

Why the members bother to go to the AGM is one of the great wonders of the horse world. They are not permitted to propose motions, to vote on anything, nor to prolong the meeting in any way which might inconvenience the "elected" committee. Nor may they ask what disciplinary measures are to be taken against those breaking the rules. No minutes are circulated and no constitution can be found.

The association exists ostensibly to encourage members to participate in shows. Unfortunately members are now forbidden to enter a horse in more than one class. This rule, imposed by the committee (including bottle dout former eventer Richard Ramsay) benofits the big professional yords who persinde their wealthy clients to keep a different horse for each class. Yards don't come much bigger or more professional than that run by the Ramsays. Every year the committee re-appoints the judges and new comers are given a day of assessment. Richard Ramsay is often one of the assessors. Naturally, he is anxious that animals produced from his yard will not be subject to unsympathetic scrutiny. Existing judges know the committee members, of course. This knowledge is helpful if they are to avoid joining the growing list of former judges who have been The association exists ostensibly

knowledge is felpful if they are to avoid joining the growing list of former judges who have been removed from the panel. One of the busiest judges is (who else!) the elegant Richard Ransay himself. Now he's found his way onto the panel of hunter judges. Exhibitors of hunters are thought not to be delighted by this news.

The Eye's disclosures have disturbed the Ramsays' great admirer and former client, five times married Lady Zinnia Judd, fifties society beauty and daughter of the foxhunting Earl of Londesborough. Lady Zinnia, who helped Richard and Marjorie find alternative accommodation after they were unceremoniously given 24 hours to quit Caldecote Farm, has frequently demonstrated her admiration for their ability. Indeed, at Royal Windsor Horse Show in 1983, Ramsay horses won 1st and 2nd, and the championship in classes judged by her. At the Royal International Horse Show 1985 (judge: Lady Zinnia) the Ramsay horses took most of the awards culminating with Marjorie's championship triumph over her disciple, Miss Lucinda McAlpine.

Earlier this year, at Stanbridge, (a rustic little show, whose selection by the committee for qualifying status was a surprise) Lady Zinnia had the tricky task of choosing between her mentor, the confidently smiling Marjorie, and Miss Ginny Rogers, whose mother had purchased some of the top hunters in England from none other than Lady Zinnia. In the event her Ladyship plumped for Marjorie, who filled the top spot comfortably. Miss Rogers had compensation when she later became the Royal International champion, under a different judge.

The lemming-like determination of showing competitors to qualify for "Wembley" (Raymond Brooks-Ward's Horse of the Year Show) is all the more amazing when one considers the pathetically small prizes: about £50 for first. A top animal can cost up to £20,000. But the sponsors supporting Mr Brooks-Ward's show must not be accused of stinginess. Sponsorship includes prize money and rosettes and contributions to travel expenses, hotel accommodation, drinks, hospitality, meals and out of pocket expenses not only for the judges, but the stewards as well.

Despite their arduous duties the stewards perform magnificently. They never become so tired and emotional that they are unable to recognise the sponsor's horses.

Fortunately, most sponsors receive due recognition for their generosity, as in the case of Keith Luxford (Saddlery) Ltd, holders of a Royal Warrant. For the last three years the winner of the class the firm sponsors has been the outstanding grey cob Grandstand, which must have brought tremendous pleasure to his owner, none other than Mr Keith Luxford, close friend of Richard Ramsay and fellow committee member of the Show Hack, Cob and

Riding Horse Association.

Entertainment

Go-Going ... gone

AD TIMES are just around the corner for Cannon, the international cinema empire owned by Israeli-born cousins Menahem Golan and Yoram Globus, which means even worse times for British cinema exhibition.

With an awesome working capital deficit of \$10 million and with its methods of accounting the subject of an "informal" investigation by the Securities and Exchange Commission, Cannon's commitment to expanding the number of its British screens looks increasingly

The "Go-Go Boys", as Golan and Globus are known, have been remorselessly hyped in the media, especially Screen International (aka Cannon International).

Previously, there were two similar major cinema chains, Rank and ABC, with Cannon as a third-rate operator working on a modest scale Now, however, since its purchase of Thorn-EMI Screen Entertainment, Cannon is in control of 39 per cent of British screens. It claims to have turned around several loss-making cinemas and to have undertaken what it calls a rolling programme of cinema refurbishment. It is also publicly committed to increasing the number of cinema screens. According to Golan, "If we ever close one screen down we will open two more to replace it"

This boast sits uneasily alongside Cannon's record. In the West End of London it has closed the Victoria Station Cartoon Cinema, the Classic in Victoria Street, and the Eros in Piccadilly Circus. It acquired the Columbia in Shaftesbury Avenue, re-opened it as an art-house cinema with typical Cannon tacky interiors and a different name – the Premiere. This failed to attract significant audiences, was closed and resold to Curzon Cinemas. The Premiere (now the Curzon West End) is showing A Room with a

View to packed audiences.

In Ramsgate, Cannon had a monopoly. It twinned the town's last cinema, then closed it. Cannon also closed cinemas at Hythe, Bridgewater, Bury, Keighley, Edinburgh, Hayes and Lewisham. As soon as Cannon acquire, the old Star circuit at the end of August 1985, it put a number of cinema sites on the market through its retained estate agents Con ad Ritblat. There included sites at Carlisle, Cas deford, Chorley Leicester, Newcastle-upon-Tyne and Bristol. All were sold for re-development.

were sold for re-development.

The conditions for watching films in Cannon cinemas are so appalling that it hardly matters whether the vow to roplace screens is fulfilled or not. The Swiss Centre Premiere, for instance, has been developed as a joint venture with Kenneth Rive's old company Gala as a showcast for art films, yet it is highly unsuitable for showing such films, An art-film addience a sophistic sted. It wants quality projection as well as conditions of comfort. The Swiss Centre cinema operates a periscope astem for two out of its four screens, which requires that the mirrors should be replaced regularly. They are not, with the result that members of the audience find themselves suffering from premature cataracts. Otherwise, this example of a Cannon refurbishment is a this example of a Cannon refurbishment is a disaster: inadequate legroom reminiscent of viewing a film on an aeroplane, insufficient heating in the winter, poor ventilation in the

Eighteen months ago Cannon announced grandiose plans in Screen International for the construction of four mutliplex cinemas, at Walsall, Gillingham, Brent Cross and Heston. Since then little progress appears to have been

In the City

AN OFTEN puzzling question about Hanson Trust, whose activities with first SCM and now Imperial Group threaten to give asset stripping (the invention of Hanson's mentor 'Changi Jim' Slater) a good name, is why the predatory peer's trusty partner Sir Gordon White is not a director. It is to say the least somewhat unusual that the man in charge of the group's highly significant American side finds no place on the board. Especially when Sir 'Proper' spends a not insignificant part of his time in London and has his own office not far from the Brompton Road headquarters — where the ever modest Lord 'Prim' ensures that each secretary's desk is equipped with a signed portrait of himself, no doubt merely to aid

The answer to this corporate conundrum is reliably believed to lie in White's at times strained relations with the Inland Revenue. As a British-born British national, the boss of Hanson Industries might face needless requirements for the payment of UK tax if he was a director and therefore an employee of the parent company. But if he is not and is careful about the amount of time he spends here on business or pleasure then the impact of the top tax rates could be avoided.

However, it seems that White has not always been so well informed about his tax affair Indeed, like his guest at the recent Hans Derby Day luncheon, former champion jo



Lester Riggott, he has on occasion suffered from a little entirely accidental amnesia where income tax was oncerned.

It will be recalled that White left Britain for the land of opportunity in 1973 to rebuild his

fortunes. This he did with the aid of the series of high! successful deals which created Hanson Industries. Once his fortunes were replenished White quit as Hanson deputy chairman and operated out of a New York base with the aid of Bermudan residency for tax purposes and other accoutrements such as Swiss bank accounts and companies in Liechtenstein.

However, after some while the Inland Revenue became interested in White's tax status, where he was effectively resident, and whether or not he should be paying tax in Britain, given that he was probably domiciled here, still spent a substantial amount of time here and had a flat available for his use here.

The result was a demand from the taxman for the payment of tax relating to a number of previous years. The misunderstanding which had created White's unfortunate oversight was eventually settled by the payment of up to £250,000 and a switch to American resident status, putting White into the orbit of the Internal Revenue Service. The Inland Revenue and the IRS have an increasingly close relationship where it comes to those multinationals who operate on both sides of the Atlantic and

seek to lose tax liabilities in between.

Quite rightly for Sir 'Proper', these purely technical matters (even had they been known, which they were not) were not allowed to stand in the way of his knighthood which was received in the first wave of honours for captains of industry granted by Mrs Thatcher, to whom Hanson Trust has been a constant and generous supporter. Nor should they influence in any way the peerage expected to follow. Alas, the forgetful Lester Piggott was not so

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fortunate. It seems that this year a proposed knighthood for Britain's greatest jockey was vetoed on the grounds of the repeated neces-sity for the taxman to remind him of his obligations regarding his overseas earnings. But then that had happened twice, and there was also a little matter of unpaid VAT.

VER-OPTIMISTIC entrepreneur Peter de Savary has chosen some unlikely allies in his bid to inject the St James Club operation into Birmingham builders Alfred Walker. It appears that the company's bankers Brown Shipley and brokers Rowe & Pitman were so impressed with 'un Savane's' credents when he disclosed his 29 per cent state that they all but resigned forthwith. H.M. the Queen's brokers clearly take a different view of 'un Savoury' from Prince Michael of Kent, who has been his guest at the St James Club in Antiqua

Antigua.

But help is at hand. Alfred Waker has recruited as its new advisors that well-known and well-beloved (especial) by the Stock Exchange Disciplinary and Surveillance departments) broke. Guy Puckle. No doubt, when the hearings on its minor technical problems relating to late broking of bargains, suspense accounts etc are satisfactorily resolved later this month, Guy Puckle will be ideally placed to assist in de Savary's ambitious scheme. This is to inject the London St James Club plas the management contracts for Antigua and he planned clubs in Los Angeles and Paris

e planned clubs in Los Angeles and Paris. a deal for Walker shares would then enable de Savary to repay the £10 million in debt amassed in developing this good thing. Clearly such an attractive proposition, with such acceptable promoters and advisors will find no difficulty whatsoever in realisation.

AFTER almost twenty years of corporate pillaging those Howard & Wyndham terrible twins Ralph Fields and Matthew Berdon have, incredibly, fallen out and resorted to the courts in the classic American way.

The battleground is the Ciro jewellery business whose US parent company is now controlled by Howard & Wyndham and chairman Fields. Towards the end of last year Fields endeavoured to push through certain changes in the UK company's articles of association which Berdon did not like. In return 'Matt the Knife' and his four allies on the Ciro board pushed through a proposal which would have given control of Ciro to Transcontinental Services Group NV (whoever they are!). Ralphie was not at all pleased. After all Ciro has been very good to him. He responded by getting H&W to spend £600,000 on a block of 900,000 shares owning 48% of the votes from the vendors of owhing 46% of the votes from the ventors of cash rich Hilltop Fine Arts — whose purchase he had only a few weeks before opposed. This gave him and H&W 68% of the Ciro votes. With these he then forced the resignation/ removal of his old buddy Berdon and his supporters. Berdon was forced out first as a director in December and finally as treasurer in

So Fields (ne Kohn) is now in effective sole control of Ciro. He celebrated this victory in typical style by awarding himself a contract "for an indefinite term" as chairman and chief executive at \$65,000 a year. This was signed

this year but back-dated to 1985.

Berdon meanwhile is sueing Ciro in the Delaware courts and so is Transcontinental. Berdon is claiming the paying up in full of his employment contracts with various Ciro companies running to 1990 on the grounds that control of the US parent has changed. Beleagured shareholders in Howard &

Wyndham (where Berdon remains a director) and its other satellite, publishers W.H. Allen, can only ponder with unease what ramifications this nasty little boardroom bust up might have for the City's most used and abused dairy.

'Slicker'

Literary Review

Roald Rat

GOING SOLO Roald Dahl Jonathan Cape £,7.95

IN gratitude for the heaps of money he has made them, publishers have been pulling out the publicity stops for the seventieth birthday and twenty-sixth book of Roald Dahl. Like some monstrous Merlin, kept alive by bees' jelly, the gaunt old misan-thrope has peered at us from fullpage ads, colour supplements and TV screens. Perhaps he will never die.

Few would deny that inside this balding head lies the most revolting imagination at work in literature today. Dahl's stories appeal to the instincts that draw a crowd at traffic accidents, and even his books for children have an unpleasant streak. Fat people, ugly people, smelly people, old or cross or boring people come to gruesome ends. All peculiarities are mocked with the cruelty of the school playground. Dahl encourages the skinhead inside every child yet his books are blatant propaganda for his own banal middle-class preferences. It is not a pretty mixture.

Consider the fate of the four unlucky children in Charlie and the Chocolate Factory (2 million copies sold). Augustus eats too much, Veruca is spoiled by her wealthy parents, Violet chews American gum, Mike Teavee watches too much TV. All of them get their comeuppance, whereas Charlie, the son of a poor industrial worker, inherits Wonka sweet factory. Although called Oompa-loompas, the owarfish slaves from the land of the cacao bean have been given white skins by the illustrate, which with only one "Goodnight don't forget sweet are bad for your teeth. That's something Mr Dahl forget to mention."

What kind of man is this chor? What past has shaped k a mind. One approaches his objectably with something thor?

where we should be moved. But we're not. These good people never come to life. Dahl's account, although vivid, is strangely short of warmth, laughter, pity or companionship. One is left with the clear impression of a courageous man but a Did he change at that time, or was he always the same? Hard to

like fright. Perhaps, when you poke inside him, Roald Dahl will like fright. disintegrate into palpitating gore like the humanoid robots now rampant in the cinema.

But the truth is sadder than that. Going Solo is a very g read. In this second volume of his memoirs Dahl covers his early, read. In this second volume of his memoirs Dahl covers his early manhood in Kenya and his exploits as a fighter pint during the war. The book is short, vivid and powerful. Every page is gripping. His encounters with snakes in Africa, his near-fatal crash in the Western Desert, the desperate aerial degrights in Greene — all this is brilliantly told.

Brilliantly, but not movingly: that's the peculiar thing. The book takes a while to shake off the nudge nudge, exaggerated style he uses when talking to children. The colonial types on his ship are mocked with post-imperial hindsight, and there is a goody-goody

sight, and there is a goody-goody note in his guilt about the killing Germans, which doesn't stop him dwelling on the details:

'It was a horrible sight. His head seemed to splash open and little soft bits of grey stuff flew out in all directions . . ."
But these faults are left behind

as the air war rises in his memory. From then on we get the true Dahl, talking straight. In an honest endeavour to record the most searing experiences of his say. But the war, it seems, left a hole in Roald Dahks head which was never filled up again with ordinary human emotions. Only highen res float into that vacuum; only children escape his disgest. Like other good commercial products, the master of horror was made in Germany.

Welland, the nurse who cared for

him after his crash, and about David Coke, the brave man who

flew at his side in Greece. This is where we should be moved. But



LORD Popeye has secured a new glittering recruit to his list in the person of Princess Michael of Kent. Her book Crowned in a Far Country, which appears later this month, is a series of portraits of eight Royal Brides – though she modestly does not include

herself.

To those who may wonder how Princess Michael could have written a book the possibly written a book the answer is she hasn't. The book, I am reliably informed by a Popeye mole, has been copied out of various other books. It may even win this year's Desmond Wilcox

award for plagiarism.
To illustrate the Princess's
work I have been sent some
samples from her chapter on

COLLIEREXPOSED COLLIEREXPOSED@PROTONMAIL.COM life he tells us about Mary Empress Eugenie and amazingly similar passages from the book on the same subject by Harold Kurtz. Here is a typical comparison:
All her life Eugenie placed

very little importance on sex: not as something wicked, just unim-portant and cheap. "You mean," she would say in disbelief "that men are interested in nothing but that?" when her ladies were chatting about infidelities.

Princess Michael All her life Eugenie placed very little importance as something wicked, just are portant and cheap "You me she would say in tones of increity "that men are interested nothing but that?" when ladies were chatting about infidelities of men.

Harold Kurtz

AT THE end of last month the Macheths, otherwise known as Ian nd Marjory Chapman of Cheam, gave a black tie supper party at their home for 172 guests, many of whom were authors and employees of the publishers Collins where Ian happens to be chairman and Marjory editorial director. Some invitees were sent copies

of the guest list so that they would know how to address their fellow guests. For instance, if you encountered Lord and Bonham Carter you could say "Hello Mark and Leslie". Like-wise Lord and Lady Buckinghamshire (Who they? Ed.): "Hello Miles and Alison". If you met Sir Attenborough's "Hello Jane". And, slightly more exotically, Lord and Lady Grade: "Hello Lew and Kathleen, known as Kathy".

Literary agent Michael Sissons' live-in lover was invited, Serena Palmer. So were that well-known Wapping couple, Andrew Neil and Wilson. Substantial shareholder Rupert Charles Collins Murdoch ("Hello Dirty Digger") was not. Roger Schlesinger and his attractive actress wife Sue were there but no one else purged by the Macbeths in recent months.

CROOKED vanity publishers, New Horizon of Bognor Regis (Eyes 588-600) went bankrupt in 1984 leaving duped potential authors with no money and their manuscripts lying around in ware-houses. Another firm of vanity publishers, also of Bognor Regis, started up immediately. Called Anchor Publications, it bought up the old company's assets and began sending out letters to the New Horizon list which looked remarkably similar to the old New Horizon leaflets. Also similar were two previous managing directors of New Horizon who appeared on the board of Anchor Publications. When the Eye pointed this out Anchor's solicitors sent outraged denials and threats of legal

Anchor Publications has now been wound up. The creditors' meeting was last Monday at the Langford Hotel in Hove.

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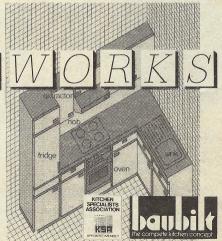
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7e welcome complaints from the public about advertisements in the press, on posters and in the cinema. It helps us keep advertising standards high. But we also monitor a considerable amount of advertising, and take the necessary action ourselves.

Soon this do not and solver the solvertise most

If you'd like to know more about our work, and receive a copy of the rules, please write.

The Advertising Standards Authority. We're here to put it right.

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